

Mevlânâ  
Celâleddîn  
Rumi

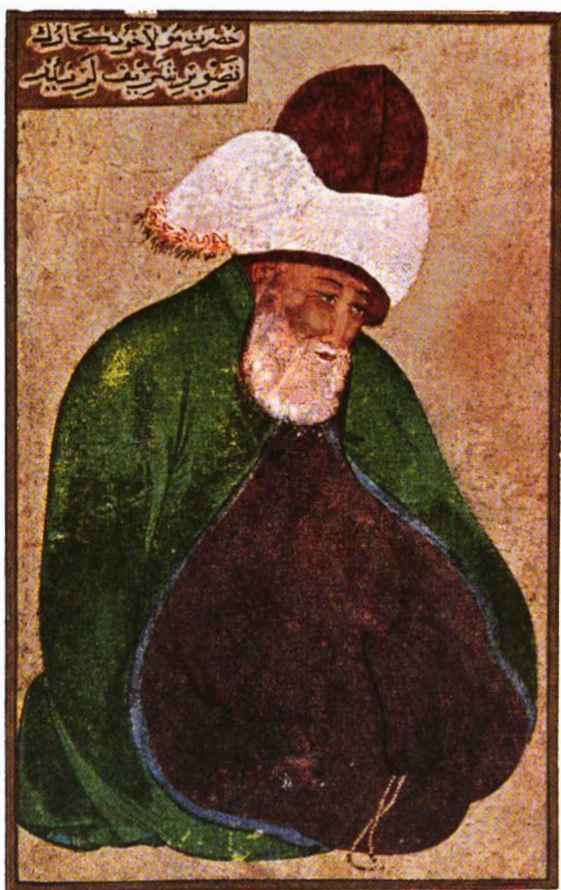
Dîvân-i Kebîr  
Volume 20

translated by  
Nevit O. Ergin

# Dîvân-i Kebîr

Bahr Hezec-i Mekfûl

Volume 20



Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi

**archegos**



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# Dîvân-i Kebîr

Volume 20  
Bahr Hezec-i Mekkûl



Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rûmî

translated by  
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**Echo Publications**  
Los Angeles, California USA

# Dîvân-i Kebîr

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by

Nevit Oguz Ergin

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Turkish Republic Ministry of Culture

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in their efforts to bring Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi  
to the attention of the general public.

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## Introduction

Humanity is currently stepping on the two-thousand-year mark, bringing with it thousands of years of suffering. After all these years, humans long for peace, love and tolerance. Yet, wars and conflicts still continue in various parts all over the world.

While searching to solve the mysteries of space, human beings are unable to understand the secrets of peace and happiness. Man never learns his lessons of the past and because of this, he repeats the same mistakes.

Humanity needs to open a new chapter in this new millennium, no longer carrying its animosities, ugliness, and evils to the lives of our children and grandchildren.

For seven hundred years, Mevlana, a great Turkish thinker and Sultan of Heart, has been calling humanity constantly to love, friendship, and peace. He teaches us that the primary requisite for tolerance is to see people as human beings and not notice their race, religion or sect. The essence of Mevlana's philosophy is based on this kind of human love.

Reading Mevlana will help reawaken the feelings of love and tolerance within each of us. An aspiration for a world filled with peace, brotherhood, and friendship in our hearts will be more attainable with Mevlana's love.

M. Istemihan Talay  
Minister of Culture  
Republic of Turkey

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the Turkish Ministry of Culture  
and Millicent Alexander  
for their continuing support.



## Translator's Note

When Sheik Sadrettin Konevi sat at Rumi's death-bed, praying for his fast recovery, Rumi responded, "From now on, a thin veil is left between the Loved and Beloved. Don't you want Glory to merge with Glory?"

Rumi died the next day, December 17, 1273 A.D. about sunset. This was considered his Wedding Night and has been celebrated by his believers as such ever since.

Rumi's funeral was attended by a very large crowd that included followers of all religions. Each religious group wanted the funeral ceremony performed in its own unique way. Some of the Moslems, who were the majority, tried to prevent the participation of others in the funeral, and protests came from every side. Christians, Jews and Moslems alike said, "He was the sun and came to illuminate the whole world, not just one corner. He was bread. How can you keep the hungry from him?"

Long before his chronological death, he was annihilated from corporeal existence [self] to Absence to become nobody, Nothing.

One of the greatest legacies of Rumi is his poetry. But it would be a great disservice to him and to history to call him "The greatest poet of the Persian language (Farsi), the greatest poet of all time." He used his poetic side merely as a vehicle of communication. He was one of the greatest human beings ever to live on earth and still get so close to the Almighty in his lifetime.

Nevit O. Ergin



Leather binding of *Dîvân-i Kebîr* (c.1368)  
registered at the Mevlânâ Museum in Konya.

Dîvân-i Kebîr  
Volume 20  
Bahr Hezec-i Mekkûl

Mef'ûlû Mefâ'ilû  
Mefâ'ilû Feûlûn

# 1.

## *Verse 1*

If you want to be drunk with the Beloved's kiss  
If you want to chew His sugars,  
Don't offer your lips for others' kisses',  
They have been smeared  
By every kind of food.

Let no stranger's smells come from your lips,  
But only Love's.  
Your lips will become  
The most marvelous, the most clean.

Do you think the Messiah  
Would give a sweet kiss to lips  
Which keep touching the donkey's derriere?

Notice well that beside the light of God,  
Who has no beginning of the beginning,  
Everything everywhere is soiled with dirt.  
Look at that. See that.

But this mess can change and become fertilizer  
For the heart of the vegetable garden  
And give extra sweetness  
To the melons and cantaloupes.

As long as you stay a mess  
You don't know what to celebrate.  
Get out of the mess.  
Go to the side of happiness and exaltations.

The Messiah holds the medicine  
For the whole world,  
But administers it only where hands<sup>1</sup> are restrained  
From touching plates at every mealtime.

The Messiah made a sea of blessings  
As a gift to Moses  
After he cleaned his hands and lips  
Of the favor of the pharaoh.

If you want to escape  
From the lips and stomach  
Of the common people,  
Be like a sea full of pearls.  
Set your teeth on the edge.

That *I* is very jealous. Be careful.  
Close your eyes and keep your stomach empty,  
Because there is a meal already prepared for you.

The fat hound doesn't run after the hunt.  
Yelling, screaming, searching, aggressiveness  
Come from the fire of hunger.

Where are the clean hands and lips  
That would pick up the glass and drink?  
Where is the quick Sufi  
Who would come to the place of sweet meat?

O, the One who gives us a cup of coffee,  
Show us the real sugars of this world.



## 2.

### *Verse 13*

A beautiful moon appeared to us;  
It was shining so bright.  
How nice that the Almighty created him.

You have joined with my Soul.  
Give me more life.  
Today more greatness and exaltation come from me.

Even if this Love consumes me,  
Turns me into a shadow,  
Still I call Him secretly,  
Then talk to Him openly.

I beg Him constantly to lift up the covers.  
I beg Him constantly for the water of union  
To satisfy this great thirst.

I won't separate from Love  
Even if time cuts me by slices.  
Even if centuries go by, I won't be tired by love.  
Tired? God forbid. That is impossible.

A Lover is like a fish,  
And Love is an ocean.  
As long as the fish is in the sea,  
It will never tire.



### 3.

#### Verse 20

I went to Egypt and bought some sugar.  
To tell the truth,  
I bought Joseph with the golden belt.

Who has seen a Beauty like this in the city?  
Who has ever taken the arm  
Of such a Canopus,<sup>2</sup> such a moon?

The Sultan appointed some unworthies to the work.  
By giving favors and pearls,  
He bought the one  
Who is very unpleasant.

He is a Hizir<sup>3</sup> of Hizirs.  
No wonder he can replace old lungs with new  
By giving water from the fountain  
Of the water of life.

Orders of *do's* and *do not's* were given  
To help and uplift the people,  
To raise them to glory,  
Not to make them worse.

It's better not to sleep at night,  
Because the Moon gives secret kisses  
To the one who counts the stars.

Signs lead the Soul and Heart  
To the Creator of signs.  
That Sultan makes the sign a porter  
And loads the porter with Heart and Soul.

You can be sure that what comes here  
Is the elixir of God.  
With every breath,  
He turns stone into red gold.

It doesn't matter if the carcass of the donkey  
Doesn't rise to the sky.  
The Soul that becomes Jesus will rise to the sky.

Wherever I looked, I couldn't see anyone on earth  
Who had this greatness.  
The only one who has this height, this greatness  
Is the one who has God's sight.

In order to put the salve on her eyes at dawn  
The bride needs the royal flame of the sun.

We don't have any wisdom.  
Why would the gazelle of right mind  
Look for a male lion?

Beloved, we run after you like a shadow  
And keep chasing you,  
Because nobody has that face of yours like the sun.



The sun keeps swinging its sword  
In order to hurt the one who doesn't have a shield.

The mind puts on its arm  
The one who will break the Heart.  
The Soul grabs the passerby from the corner  
And takes him inside his home.

The eyes give a gift of pearls  
To the one who has ruby lips.  
The face becomes pale yellow  
For the silver bodies and mint golds.

O, Master, become the doorkeeper, like eyelashes,  
To the one whose face  
Is more beautiful than the moon.  
Because he makes straight all eyes  
And gives sight to all the cross-eyed ones.

O, clean-hearted one, don't fall in love,  
Don't give your Soul to anybody else.  
It's a waste to give your Heart to the unworthies.

Be silent. He pulls His Lover to Himself.  
How long will you hang  
On the shirt of the clumsy one?



## 4.

### *Verse 39*

Cover the one  
Who doesn't have the trace of this Love  
With a cloud,  
Because he is the enemy of the moon.

How dry is the tree that doesn't grow in this garden.  
How contemptible is the saint  
Who doesn't stay in the shade of this tree.

Don't even bother with anything but this Love,  
Even if you are offered peerless pearls,  
Because there is no family for you,  
No father beside this Love.

There is one who gets worse every day  
Because of this Love,  
Who is inflicted with the disease of death,  
Inflicted with Love's religion.

If you see a sign or trace of this color  
On anybody's face,  
Rest assured he doesn't belong  
To the human species.

If you see the belt of Love  
On any cane,  
Take it in your arm,  
Because He is a sugar cane.

Oh, Sems of Tebriz, with tricks  
They lead you to the trap.  
There are disbelievers around.  
It's hard to be safe from them.



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# 5.

## Verse 46

○ King, Sultan of the Tavern,  
Today, Lovers of the Tavern  
Are your guests from early dawn.

Tell me, what is today?  
The day of happiness.  
Where is the direction of the Heart to pray?  
In the Soul of Tavern.

The lover's heart cannot  
Be forced to obey anyone.  
Because of the order of the Tavern,  
All these hearts have become drunk, ruined.

Hundreds of venuses  
Have become confidants of the secret.  
It's why they yell and scream.  
Come out of the cloud,  
O, bright moon of the Tavern.

We are not afraid  
Of the lips and teeth of death.  
We are not  
Because that cheerful Beauty of the Tavern  
Brought us back to life.

The Soul comes to Love  
As a drunk with his belongings  
Loaded on the oxen.  
“Pawn this load  
At the door of the Tavern,” he says.

The One who gives his heart  
To God’s Sems of Tebriz  
Becomes his own disbeliever,  
But the believer of the Tavern.



## 6.

### *Verse 53*

That snatching Beauty  
Found me once more.  
He found me while drunk,  
Walking around the Bazaar.

I had hidden,  
But those sleepy Narcissus-like eyes  
Saw me.  
I just escaped from the tavern,  
But He caught me.

What's the use of escape?  
Nobody has ever saved his Soul from Him.  
What's the use of hiding?  
He has already found me a hundred times.

"Who could find me  
Among the crowd of the city?" I thought.  
The One who found me among many secrets  
Will find me.

What a fortune  
That watching eyes looked for me.  
What a glorious Kingdom  
That those curly hairs found me.

The turbans on the head of drunks  
Are pawned and will fly away.  
The One who covers his face with turbans  
Touched the side of my turban.

I was pulling a thorn  
From the bottom of my foot.  
That cypress of thousands of rose gardens  
Found me.

Love spreads roses to my head  
From His rose garden.  
That Nightingale, that peerless Beauty  
Found me again.

My blood dripped on every road  
And left a trace.  
He was following me  
And found me from that trace.

I was lost like a bushel  
At the barn of that moon.  
Today, that moon found me  
At the bottom of the barn.

I ran like a gazelle from that lion  
To the desert.  
That lion of the games mountain  
Found me at the forest of the mountain.

The One catching the gazelle in the sky  
Chased me through the main street  
Slowly, with patience.

I was at the bottom of the sea  
With the hook in my palate.  
The fisherman caught me with a fishing line.

That tender, kind Beloved  
Served me a glass  
As soon as He found me  
To alleviate my pain.

This heavy Soul became light and flew  
Because that friend with a heavy jar  
Quickly found me.

There is no word, no ear, no mind today.  
The One who is the base for thought,  
The meaning for words  
Found me.





## 7.

### Verse 69

**T**his is such a house  
That music is played and listened to  
All of the time.  
Ask the owner what kind of house this is.

If this is Kaaba, what are those idols?  
If this is the house of fire worshipers,  
What is this light of God?

There is such a treasure in this house  
That it cannot be contained  
In the world nor in heaven.  
Really, this house and the owner of this house  
Are all pretext.

Don't look at this house  
Like a house of oppression.  
Don't blame the owner;  
He is drunk from last night.

This house is built by ambergris and musk.  
The doors and roof are all rubais and verses.

Anyone who finds the way of this house  
Will be the king of the land,  
The Solomon of the time.

O Landlord, look down from that roof  
Just one time.  
There is the sign of good fortune and glory  
On Your face.  
I swear, anything else  
Besides seeing Your face is a spell and story.

The garden wonders what kind of leaves,  
What kind of flowers are these?  
Birds wonder what kind of trap this is,  
What kind of grain?

The rich of this sky  
Look like the moon or venus.  
But this house is the house of Love.  
It has no sides and no end.

The soul is like the mirror  
Which embraces Your form.  
The heart is like a comb,  
Buried upside down in Your hair.  
The women cut their hands in front of Joseph.

My soul, come to me.  
I'll put my soul  
Right in the middle.

Everybody in that house is drunk.  
This or that comes  
From the door nobody knows.

Don't sit at the threshold.  
It's bad luck.  
This Heart becomes darkened  
By the one who stays at the threshold.

All of God's drunkenness is one,  
Even though they are thousands.  
But the one who gets drunk from pleasures  
Are only two, three.

Go to the forest of lions.  
Don't worry about getting hurt.  
Fears and worries are only for women.

There is no hurting there.  
Pity, sorrow and human love  
Are all finished there.  
And your illusions are nailed down  
Like doorknobs.

Be silent, O heart.  
Don't set fire to the forest.  
Your tongue is becoming  
Like the blade of the sword.



## 8.

### *Verse 87*

**I** become mad, insane after meeting the King  
Who doesn't care much for drums and flags.  
A madman is not to be blamed or punished.

From a distance, I look like someone passing by.  
But that's a shadow.  
He is nowhere but in Absence.

Come be annihilated.  
Absence is the substance of the Soul,  
But not the kind of soul  
Which knows only sorrow and grief.

I come without me, you without you.  
We plunge into this river.  
There is only oppression and cruelty  
In this barren land.

This river engulfs, but doesn't drown the man.  
It is the water of life, grace and kindness.  
In this river there are only roses, no thorns.  
The rose and thorn don't exist in this way.



# 9.

## Verse 92

When this auspicious wind  
Brought the news from Muhammad,  
Because of its force,  
All bad things threw off their shield and ran.

No wonder the poor become humiliated.  
Your grief causes the heads of kings to fall.

One day Edhemo-lu<sup>4</sup> was riding his gray horse,  
Following his destiny, hunting gazelle.  
Then you offered him such an elixir  
That its smells, its taste made him dizzy.  
He passed out and fell from his horse to the ground.

Everyone at his side was astonished.  
"Poor Edhemo-lu," they said.  
"He left his crown and his throne and he's gone."

Solomon has won Belkis<sup>5</sup> for only one bird,  
But only in Your name.

Muhammad caused a commotion on earth  
With just one sign, saying,  
"The moon is split in two halves."  
This was also in Your name.



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## 10.

*Tercî-Bend*

*Verse 99*

The wine of the sufi is freed from the glass.  
Because the sufi has been dead drunk,  
His glass has been dropped and is long gone.

There is no place for Heart or mind  
At this stage of drunkenness.  
It's not surprising if glass or bottle cannot fit here.

*Elif*<sup>6</sup> passed all other alphabets  
Because there is nothing in *elif*.  
That's why it's in front:  
It becomes the head, infused with all power.

*Ha*<sup>7</sup> had nothing like *elif*.  
It became *jim*,<sup>8</sup> then was tied up with bindings.<sup>9</sup>

The Assembly of Prophets has always has been  
Without glass, without jar,  
Because the existence of Muhammed  
Is created by His own Nothingness.

The roof of the sky has no pole, no walls.  
All roofs will be collapsed except this one.

There is another universe beyond this old sky  
Where the Souls are created brand new again.

You undressed at the side of this river for a swim,  
But didn't crystal floor look like water?<sup>10</sup>

To make the bottle seem like running water,  
For illusion He created giants and fairies.

Stay away from this deceit and fraud  
If you want to live beyond counted breaths.

\*\*\*\*\*

I will tell the verse of terci,  
Which is a long form, Master,  
Because this rhyme is so tight  
I shouldn't even breathe.  
My breath is making mist over the mirror.

\*\*\*\*\*

I don't breath,  
But we are the one who blows the breath<sup>11</sup>.  
That breath that breathes blows me.

My cry reaches the Pleiades.  
That great splendid God cut me  
From the reedbed of Absence  
And made the reed of my body.

My Heart is one end of the reed.  
My mouth, the other end.  
This Heart is eating honey,  
Chewing sugar from the lips of Love.

My body has been filled by His breath  
And become so drunk by His lips  
That I cannot control my yells and screams.

I take an oath in the name of God  
That if the mountain were to drink  
The wine of these lips,  
It would become dust  
With the blow of His manifestations.

His lips are closed.  
If He opens those lips,  
Neither sky nor below sky could exist.

O reed, sound from the land of Absence,  
Then watch hundreds of Leylas,  
Hundreds of Mecnuns, Vamks and Azras.<sup>12</sup>

Every particle opens its mouth to say, "Bravo,"  
And the valley  
Becomes so small, so narrow, so worthless  
To the Heart of the particle.

Walk fast from the Ethiopia of your body  
To the land of Rum  
So that the Kaiser<sup>13</sup>  
Will put you on the biggest throne.

What a nice place, what a beautiful river,  
What exuberance, what a battle zone.  
It's where you can find everything.



Come to yourself.  
It's time for the battle.  
Don't be scared. Attack. Break the line.

\*\*\*\*\*

The third tercî has come, O, God.  
You said, "Don't cry over what you have lost.  
I have the equivalent of all of them."

\*\*\*\*\*

That player who has the best melodies  
And sugar lips has come.  
All the Souls are drunk  
Because of that Soul who came to me.

The flowers have started smiling.  
The rose has torn its dress,  
Because hyacinth and jasmine  
Have come from the land of Absence.

The Soul of the rose garden  
Has flown away from the cold breath of winter.  
Spring is here.

Every Soul has re-entered its own body.  
The Beauties, which had been ruined  
To make the eyes of autumn blind,  
Have come over from the hidden idol-house.

They had chosen patience,  
And now easiness has come.  
They all had good dispositions,  
And beauty has come after all.

At the spring feasting, clouds sprinkled rose water  
And thunder played drum at the height of the sky.

It's a garden, a field full of beauties,  
But they are neither Turks nor Greeks.  
From the concealed curtains, so much beauty  
Has come from Hutaïn.<sup>14</sup>

So many Souls had fallen  
Into the same well as Joseph.  
They all thought they were lost,  
But in the end ,  
They all have come back home.

The road to the water of life  
Had been dark, even for Hizir<sup>15</sup>  
But in the end, roses have come home  
From that road of thorns.

There is still much left in this gazel,  
But be silent.  
The Sultan has came to the Assembly.  
Let Him speak.

All the trees have kept patience.  
Separation has been like a well.  
Patience has become the rope to pull.

O, the One with the full moon face  
And beautiful stature,  
Wake up to see that your Love  
Has brought these resurrections.



## 11.

### *Verse 135*

**U**nder moonlight, unripe melons  
Raised from their graves.  
Alligators jumped out  
Of the muddy, sandy waters.

The one who drew the figures  
Of Jesus and Moses with his pencil  
Blew the trumpet of the last Day of Judgment.

His help crushed the pearl  
Into a stately mortar.  
Then the eye which sees hundreds of truths  
Appeared in the Heart of the blind.

The news that the heart of the land received  
From the warmth of the spring  
Is that a bunch of ants came from black soil.

The news the bumblebee heard  
From his sea of honey  
Is that hives of the bee appeared  
With honey like musk.

How did the shell get its food and pearl  
Without eyes and ears  
And become a treasure?

How did a piece of stone and hard iron  
Find such an easy way to the light  
That when they hit each other,  
A colorful flag appeared?

Look and see what a rose garden  
Comes from the town of earth.  
From the darkest pitch  
The whitest camphor shows.

How did the rose shine and sparkle  
From the curtain of obscurity  
Without the help of a woman  
Who dresses the bride,  
Without the help from a painter  
With a full palette of colors?

I have seen such an apple tree  
At the garden of His beauty  
That a beautiful girl appeared  
Every time an apple was cut open.

Each beautiful appearance  
From the Heart of the apple  
Was smiling.  
Health and happiness were given  
From that smile to the sick and needy.

Don't think that this drunkenness,  
This wealth and games  
Comes from the wine made from grapes.

When God's Sems of Tebriz  
Brought this ecstasy,  
The Soul was born from the East  
And that famous moon appeared in the Soul.



## 12.

### *Verse 151*

That Beauty who wore a red robe<sup>16</sup>  
And was born like a moon last year  
Came suddenly this year in grey mantle.

It is the same Turk I saw  
In the boat last year.  
This year He comes like an Arab.

His clothes are changed,  
But the Beloved is the same  
And comes again with a different dress.

The bottle is changed,  
But the wine is the same wine.  
Look and see how nicely  
It makes the drunk dizzy.

Night has passed.  
Where are you, O morning wine drinker?  
Don't you know the torch has appeared  
At the window of secrecy?

The Beauty of Rum was hidden  
During the time of the Abyssinian,  
But today, came again with this big army.

God's Sems of Tebriz has arrived.  
That majestic, luminous moon is borne again.



# 13.

## *Verse 158*

**A** moon appeared in the sky at early dawn,  
Then descended from the sky and, with fixed eyes,  
Started gazing at me.

That moon snatched me  
Like a Falcon picking up his prey  
And flew me to the sky.

I looked at myself. I couldn't see myself  
With that moon's grace. My body had become Soul.  
I went to the land of Souls.

There, I couldn't see anything but this Moon;  
The Secrets of Divine Manifestation  
Became completely understood.

Nine skies have vanished in that moon.  
The boat of my existence plunged  
And disappeared into a calm sea.

When this sea moved with waves,  
Reason came into existence.  
A voice was heard,  
"It was like that, it became like this."

When the sea became stormy  
Waves broke into foam.  
Every drop of foam became  
The sign of this or the body of that.



Out of the foam, the one who found the pearl  
 Burst and melted away.  
 It ran to the sea as a drop of water  
 And became the sea.

Without serving Sems,  
 Neither moon nor sea can be seen.



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# 14.

## *Verse 167*

⓪ birds who have flown from your cages,  
Show your faces and tell where you are.

Your boat has been shattered, wrecked on the shore.  
Seize this instant.  
Appear like a fish from the water.

Either you broke the shell  
And reached Love,  
Or you missed the trap  
And are lost in hunting.

Today you are either wood for your fire,  
Or the fire has been extinguished  
Because you became the Glory of God.

This wind either became  
Too cold and froze you,  
Or blows like a morning wind  
In every garden where you arrive.

You don't open your mouth for an answer,  
But there is an answer  
For every word in your Heart.  
It is salve to the eyes.

The pearls you crushed  
In the mortar of days  
Outline your eyes.

O, born one,  
When you reach the time of death,  
Don't be frightened.  
Make sure this is a second birth.  
Born. Born again.

The day you open the curtain  
On your face,  
You will know  
If you are born a Hindu or Turk.

If you deserve God's Sems of Tebriz  
You will be the king of Judgement Day.



# 15.

## *Verse 177*

The news came, saying,  
“Good fortune brought a Beauty  
Whose face is brighter than the moon  
To the circle of Lovers.”

That Beauty filled  
The Heart and eyes of Lovers so much  
That names and stories of old Beauties  
Were all forgotten.

So many fountains of life  
Flew out of that Beauty.  
So many heads and eyes became dizzy  
From that wonderful wine.

When the moon saw His attack,  
It hid behind the trenches.  
It even had a sword and shield.

They asked me, “What did you see  
In God’s Sun of Tebriz?”  
I told them, “He is a luminous gaze  
Which fell in my Heart.”



# 16.

## *Verse 184*

○ Pilgrims, where are you going? Where?  
The Beloved is here, coming, coming.  
Your Beloved is your next-door neighbor.  
So with what kind of idea  
Are you wandering the desert like vagabonds?

If you see the formless form of the Beloved,  
You are the pilgrim. You are Mecca.  
You are the owner of the house.

Ten times you moved from this house to that house.  
For the first time you climb from this house  
To the ceiling.

This is the house of favors.  
You talk about signs.  
Show me a sign from the owner.

If you see the garden,  
Where is the bundle of roses?  
If you dive into the sea of God,  
Where is the pearl of the Soul?

Even for all this  
I hope you'll find some treasures  
For your troubles.  
But, alas, you are the veil to your treasure.

If you want to see the house of your Soul,  
First you must polish the mirror of your Heart.

Lift these mysterious curtains.  
Tear your mask: know yourself.  
You are the Sultan of Sultans,  
Not poor.

You are the treasure hidden in this pile of dirt.  
Rise like a full moon from the dark clouds.

King of the earth,  
Praise of Tebriz,  
Sems shows such strange,  
Wonderful features  
That your Soul will be exhilarated.



# 17.

*Verse 191*

*L*ove put me like a tent  
At the corner of the Tavern.  
That deceitful Beauty saw me,  
Marked me and put me there.

I have fallen behind  
This deceitful Beauty.  
He, Himself, hid His face from me.

I am totally bewildered  
Because of that most eminent person.  
All of my body turned into Soul  
From one of His glances.

Suddenly a gazelle appeared  
With hundreds of colors,  
Such a gazelle that the brightness of His beauty  
Made the moon and sun  
Start to yell and scream.

That beautiful gazelle went to Tebriz.  
The world's Baghdad became Hemedon  
With just one glance from the eyes of the Soul.

The people used to say,  
"We are unique. We are mature."  
They all fell in love, became confused,  
And are disgraced in the world now.

**The Prophet who said, "I haven't taught you right,"  
Was his confidant.  
He opened the secrets of eternal destiny.**





## 18.

### *Verse 198*

The world is more bitter  
Than the poison of death.  
But when it comes from Your lips,  
It tastes sweeter than sugar.

The person who makes  
The well of the dewlap<sup>17</sup> his home  
Will rise to the sky with the rope of Your hair.

Gather yourself  
And give the Soul its provision  
From your beautiful eyebrow.

I say right away, "I am at Your service,"  
And my breath smells the blood of my lung.



## 19.

*Verse 202*

**F**or God's sake,  
Don't fall in love with another.  
Don't think of anything else  
At the assembly of Soul.

To choose another lover,  
Get involved with another work,  
Is like an unbelievable curse there.  
Don't join the creed of disbelievers  
At the council of religion.

Thoughts in the land of Soul  
Are like words and cannot be hidden.  
Don't try to hide them.

Even if you don't hear the dung beetle,  
You smell it.  
Don't keep any vision in your Heart  
That leaves a bad track.

The one who guards the Heart  
Gives honors and is very jealous.  
Because of that, don't look at strangers.

Don't make a big deal  
On the topic of your anxieties.  
Don't make all those lost people  
Your guide, your leader.

The ruby of His kindness  
Doesn't grab your food or deprive you.  
Don't lend yourself to the self.  
Be out to pasture.

You've heard the verse of the Koran,  
"God is Supreme."  
Don't fall in the trap  
Of beard, mustache or turban.

The beginning and end of writing  
Is a dot.  
Don't waste time  
Like the point of a compass  
Turning round and round.

Sit at the Divine site.  
Don't lose your mind  
In this whirling sky.

"There is one God,  
Nothing like God."  
When these words are said,  
It's like lightening has flashed.  
Denial would set fires blazing.

Don't fall into the vices of denial  
In front of real Beauty, God's beauty.

Half of this world is a vulture.  
The other half is a carcass.  
Come to your senses.  
Don't fix your eyes on the carcass.

That deceptive self is nothing  
But to cheat and be cheated.  
Come to your senses.  
Don't give your Heart to that cheater.

Time spreads her hair.  
Time opens her blouse.  
Look at her makeup  
And see it is thorns.

Self is not a friend.  
Self has no loyalty.  
It separates you from your Friend.  
Don't make that tin-hearted one  
Your confidant.

He spills the wine,  
And sells the vineyard instead.  
Don't consider that bitter face  
To be the Cupbearer, the innkeeper.

We are at the circle  
Of these wonderful drunks,  
And our cupbearer doesn't abandon us.  
Don't make us sober.

If you give a belly button to the dug beetle,  
Musk becomes worthless.  
Don't compare its belly  
With the gazelle of Tartar Land  
Which produces musk from its belly button.

Don't advise  
Once the Soul takes over the conversation.  
Don't keep yourself  
Behind the curtain of words.



## 20.

### *Verse 221*

**W**hen the light of His face  
Reflects on our face,  
Soil appears like red makeup to us.

I would like to show hundreds of secrets  
From the mantle of Prophets  
Of the Love of God.  
But the Master tells me to hush and cover them.

A grain fallen into the mortar of Love  
Will be crushed.  
It doesn't matter on which side  
It falls.

The one who flies like a pigeon  
From the house of Love  
Will be caught wherever it goes.

The mirror is made by  
God's Sems of Tebriz.  
It won't rust  
And won't need to be polished.



## 21.

### *Verse 226*

That Beauty who wore a red robe<sup>18</sup>  
And was born like a moon last year  
Came suddenly this year in grey mantle.

O, you people who thought  
The torches had all gone out,  
Look at that torch  
Which shines through the window of mystery.

These are not words about reincarnation.  
This is a true union.  
It is the words from the sea of exuberance  
Which has no end or beginning.

A drop from the ocean  
Is not separated from the ocean  
Like men, born from the bottom of baked earth.

The Beauty of Rum was hidden  
During the time of Abyssinians,  
But today, came again with this big army.

Leave the words. Look at the mirror of Essence.  
Because all fear and suspicion come from words.



## 22.

### *Verse 232*

Once more he went to the bazaar  
As a drunk.

Once more he came to meet  
The drunk, sleepy tavern keeper.

Why do the branches of the tree  
Carry so much fruit  
That the nightingale with a beautiful voice  
Starts singing again?

Let's all jump and dance,  
Friendly once more,  
Because the friend has just come again.

Let's get ready  
To catch that king of crown and throne  
Who came to throw sweet rice  
Over the bride again.

Once more, let's go  
To the land of sugar,  
Because that sugar came  
From Egypt by loads again.

Let's jump once more,  
Demolish the house and town of sleep.  
Because such a wide-awake stately man has come.



Once more, prepare ourselves,  
Keep His night guard,  
Because His beautiful robe  
Came at night again.

Get up. Bring wine again,  
Because that Beauty came  
From the fight  
As his turban untied.

Who is the Cupbearer of this elixir  
Which feeds and adds Soul to the Souls?  
He is next to the patient,  
Serving a big cup  
With the hand of the Messiah.

The neck of grief and sorrow of this earth  
Will be cut away,  
Because Your power comes  
Like a fighting lion.

Today, the world of worry  
Turned into joy and happiness,  
Because happiness and endless drunkenness came.

Close your lips.  
Because now, lips start talking  
Without words and block letters.



## 23.

### *Verse 244*

Since Your shape  
Took place in my Heart,  
Wherever I stay,  
That place turns into heaven.

All the phantoms, like spirits, have changed.  
Each one of them  
Has become a beautiful Chinese woman.

That terrible neighbor, self,  
From whom everyone suffers so much,  
Has become a very nice friend  
And delightful neighbor.

The heights have become gardens and meadows.  
Valleys have become treasuries.  
O Beautiful, who are You?  
The whole universe has become like this  
Because of You.

Since the day I saw Him,  
My life has been increased.  
Every thorn who wishes  
To be turned into a rose garden  
Is looking for Him.

The sun has sweetened and ripened  
Every sour grape.  
That black stone has become a ruby  
Because of Him.

So many places have ascended  
And become sky.  
His stately hands  
Have turned so many lefts to the right.

I was a darkness of the Heart.  
Now I've become the window of the heart.  
Religion used to stand in my way.  
Now I've become a man  
Who is followed in a religious way.

The jail of Joseph was the well of calamity.  
Now there is a strong rope for him to climb.

Every piece and bit follows  
The order of God like an army.  
They give safety and security to men,  
But set a trap to greatness.

Be silent. Your words  
Are like the river Nile,  
Blood for the people of Kibut,  
Clear, clean water for Israelites.



## 24.

### *Verse 255*

Once more, water came to the mill.  
The stone started  
To turn faster and faster.

That Soul which is filled  
With fire and water  
Once more trembled  
Like the sun, like mercury.

If the sun, torn to pieces  
From East and West  
Will ever fit the Universe,  
It is because of His kindness.

To awaken hundreds of years of death,  
That morning-time smiled and shone.

Once more, the One who answers all the prayers  
Yelled, "Wake up."  
The One who opens the door came.

Prophethood once more passed  
Through toward Mecca.  
Muhammad came to the altar.  
His voice reached your ear.

Once Muhammad came  
To the door of the mortal world.  
The hole was opened at the door.  
The One who opens the door suddenly came.

The sky opened wide  
Because of fear of the angel.  
Reason came  
Because of the fear of the One who creates reason.

Yes, before people appeared  
With names and fame,  
His name and fame  
Was Master of this world.

Since Muhammad opened the door  
Of the Tavern of Absence,  
That clear, clean wine became scarce.

A glass of ruby-colored wine came  
To satisfy the thirst of His heart  
And calm His blood.

Be silent.  
Today is not the day for talk.  
Don't bother.  
That Cupbearer of the friends came.



## 25.

*Verse 267*

**M**an makes all his plans,  
Takes all the measures,  
But doesn't know his fate.  
Once God's will comes,  
All these plans and measures disappear.

Man thinks, but his sight is limited.  
He uses all his cunning, but is not Godly.

If he is successful for just two steps,  
He takes two more,  
Not knowing in what direction  
God will pull him.

Don't be ostentatious.  
Desire the providence of Love,  
The kingdom of Love.  
That King is the One  
Who saves you from the angel of death.

Be silent.  
Choose a place to settle down.  
Wherever you choose,  
The King will set you up there.

You can be sure that all these people  
Are in the prison of death.  
The prisoner cannot get you out of jail.

Enough! How long are you going to flirt  
With the blind?  
How long are you going to yell  
At the deaf?



## 26.

### *Verse 274*

Who has a deceitful Beauty  
Stays at home.

Who has a sweetheart whose face  
Is as beautiful as the moon  
Spreads honey and sugar.

Who could look at the sun  
With bare eyes and not get eye problems?  
Who could look at that face  
Without a cover, without a curtain?

You said, "I don't have  
Any business in the tavern."  
But you are the business.  
Who else has any business besides you?

The ones who drink the morning wine  
Are all dizzy.  
O venus, who has the key  
To the door to the Tavern?

We are the loving, sugar-eating parrots  
Of the world of Absence.  
Who has the mine  
That holds tons and tons of sugar?



One look of the Beloved  
Is better than much money.  
While there is the face of the Beloved,  
Who cares for the trouble of money?

Since Souls have learned  
The lion's way to hunt,  
Who would go after carcasses like dogs?

Who goes in declaration  
When He is clearly apparent?  
If acknowledgement isn't worth anything,  
Who cares for denials?

O Beautiful One, whose face  
Reflects the tremor of the last Day of Judgment,  
Who cares for the trouble of fire  
In the heaven of Your beauty?

While there are these furious  
Looks from that Beauty,  
Who thinks about this cruel world?

You asked me to give you news  
About our dear friends.  
As long as you have that beautiful messenger,  
Who has news from anyone?

O sweet understanding voice,  
Sweet talking player,  
Help me say, "Who has such a Beloved?"

The bazaar of beauties was ruined.  
It fell down because of you.  
What is the bazaar?  
Who has thoughts of bazaars?

With your love,  
Nobody has worry in their head today.  
Who could have a turban?  
Who could hold the edge of the turban?

God's Sems of Tebriz  
Is with me now.  
Who could talk about last year?  
Who worries about the next?



## 27.

*Verse 289*

There would be no shingle  
Or mantle on earth  
If one hair from Your face should appear.

The person who has seen  
Your pale face through two worlds  
Won't have anything but Your care  
In his burned Heart.

If you lift the veil  
From Your beautiful face,  
There won't be a trace left  
Of the sun or moon.

You drop the burned ones  
Into a drunken slumber  
With the wine of Your love  
So they can't have  
Any confidant except you.



## 28.

*Verse 293*

**M**an takes measures  
But doesn't know his fate.  
Man proposes.  
God disposes.

Leave your desire.  
Go with the desire of your mind.  
Because His wishes  
Will lead you to hopelessness quickly.

Be game for the Lord.  
Don't look for just any game.  
Because any game you hunt,  
The falcon of death grabs back from you.

Since you are the falcon of the Sultan,  
Go to His nest of the falcon.  
That nest calls you with drums  
And gives you sugar.

Today, nobody is more faithful  
Than the Sultan.  
Ride your donkey there.  
He won't kick you out of His place.

Make this clear in your mind:  
All these people are in the jail of death.  
Prisoners cannot free you from jail.

Do you know those dogs  
Barking from the village of content?  
They will scare the one  
Who has a woman's heart.

God forbid, those village dogs  
Won't scare the Lover of His road.



## 29.

*Verse 301*

⓪, the one who has fallen in love with gold  
Is yelling and screaming,  
As if death won't come  
And knock at his door.

Think about the day  
You are breathing your last breath  
And your wife's mind  
Is on another husband.

Before the arrow of death pierces your shield,  
Make your aim the commandments.  
Surrender yourself.

The purpose of humanity  
Is observation and understanding.  
O, God's compassion is raining  
Observations and understanding.

Your favor is like a sugar mine.  
These people look like parrots.  
What else do parrots do  
But fall in love with sugar?

O, the one who reflects his light generously  
To the Sun and Moon  
Gives a different light to our eye  
Than the sun and moon.

He has seen and understood  
That even if he drinks  
All the water of this earth,  
He can still be thirsty without You.

Even if you are not  
Awake all night yelling and crying,  
At least constantly repeat  
The Supreme Divine name at early dawn.

The ones who don't rest at night  
Until the early dawn  
Are the ones who find  
The secret treasures and pearls.  
Moses looked at the light all night,  
Then saw a light at the top of the tree.

Jacob made home the dark hair of evening.  
At the end, he kissed his son's cheek and hair.  
But the purpose was God, the son was pretext.  
There is no prophet  
Who would fall in love with any human being.

O the one who reproaches and denies  
This beautiful narcissus,  
I have something to tell you.

O the one who worries,  
"I wish this would be,"  
Or, "that would be,"

O, my friend, grab the one  
Who comes with cash.  
All you have is the one  
Who you already paid cash.

I have closed my lips.  
Now I am talking with my eyes.  
The drunkenness which won't last  
Is nothing but a burden to the head.

No, no, I won't talk.  
This bird of sight  
Is a funny bird.  
It won't land  
And waste time with the news.





## 30.

Verse 322

Assuming that the Master  
Had a donkey loaded with gold,  
How could a golden-hued face  
Find the real owner of gold?

I started yelling from my Heart.  
All the roses in the rose garden  
Raised their heads from the ground  
And just watched me.

Come to your senses.  
Take your dresses off.  
Plunge into this pool.  
Be saved from the troubles of your turbans.

Like you, we once denied the noises and troubles.  
But we have been changed.  
Just one look of the Beloved  
Changed us to this.

How long will you be jealous?  
You simply hurt the One who loves you.  
Let this broken Heart yell two, three times.

No, no, don't let him.  
If he yells,  
There will be no more people  
On earth or in sky.

It won't be a surprise if,  
With God's permission,  
Today the secret of the Universe  
Is revealed.

This crazy heart got loose  
From its chain again  
And is tearing the collar of his shirt.

The Sultan of Love tells you  
To be silent.  
Endure, squeeze the neck  
Of the Heart and the Soul.



# 31.

## *Verse 331*

**O**ne who gathers his old rubbish  
With hope and fear.  
At least, why don't you see  
The One who gives sight and perception.

O, the one who loves and desires  
Sees the One who creates the desire.  
Why are you so involved with actions?

He is the One who pulls you to peace and war.  
He is the One who finds a friend  
Sometimes,  
Driving you away to the farthest exile  
At other times.

He keeps looking at you.  
Yet your eyes are wandering around empty.  
He talks to you.  
Yet you give your ears to fables.

He is poking His skewer in your eye.  
But the mind of that eye  
Is in the humdrum of everyday life.  
His fellow traveler is Jesus.  
But the donkey driver's mind  
Is on the donkey.

Every ox and donkey  
Form calluses from the saddle.  
Yet you are getting the sword of regret  
In your chest, your Heart.

If your Heart doesn't  
Understand being skewered,  
That cook will cook you in hell.

Sometimes you carry pots and pans,  
Looking for sweet dishes with open mouth.  
Other times you become infuriate with rage  
And go to war with obstinacy.

Your face turns a pale yellow gold  
By being squeezed to death.  
Yet you give back the gold,  
Lying down and putting your head to the stone.

Enough.  
How long will you flirt among the blind?  
Enough.  
How long will you yell and scream to the deaf?



## 32.

### *Verse 341*

Since early dawn  
We are utterly confused and drunk.  
Since we are utterly confused,  
We'll tell you confused words.

That dead-drunk Cupbearer  
Came inside today.  
We gave hundreds of excuses,  
But couldn't get away from that drunk.

You offer this wine.  
But You know this is mine.  
Well now, excuse me  
If we break this glass.

I held Your hair today with drunkenness,  
Then spread it open  
And brushed it back a hundred times.

Others in the Tavern drink  
And drop into a drunken slumber.  
But we keep drinking  
And don't fall asleep.

In one breath, we drink the punishment  
Of that Love  
Which has no beginning of the beginning.  
In one breath we call "trouble"  
The prayer of God.  
"Am I not your God?"

Isn't it amazing?  
The upstairs has become  
A beautiful garden and meadow.  
The downstairs has turned  
Into a complete treasury.

What a bewildered people we are  
That we belong neither upstairs nor downstairs.

Once His presence reflects,  
We exist in such a way  
That we don't even know of our existence.

O good doctor, put Your hand  
On my pulse and tell me,  
"Whose hand made us is 'out of hand'".

To worship idols is the foundation  
Of all misbelievers.  
But if we don't worship His idol,  
We are the worse of misbelievers.

Don't mention anybody besides  
God's sun, Sems of Tebriz.  
We are sun worshipers.  
Don't talk about the moon to us.



# 33.

## Verse 353

Once we appear suddenly from Absence  
And show ourselves to the Beloved,  
We make the cry of confession  
Boil over in the middle of black stone.

Once we sit like a compass  
At the workplace of our Beloved,  
We make the whole world idle from work.

Once we see the Beloved's face  
Like a rose garden without a well,  
We become lightning from the rose garden.  
Hundreds of fires appear.



## 34.

### *Verse 356*

That house where we eat  
So much food,  
That house where we turn around so much,  
How can we forget the blessing  
Of that house?

That house is the house of manliness.  
There stay people with the Hearts of lions.  
If we run away from this house,  
What kind of man are we?

There, there is whole drunkenness;  
Outside, headaches and foolishness.  
We turn into goodness there.  
Other places, we are in total grief.

There, we grow merry,  
Better than ruby wine.  
Here, both our cheeks are pale yellowish,  
More than a yellow bottle.

There, we have all the warmth of July's Sun.  
Here, we are in coldest winter.  
There, we are all united with milk and honey.  
Here, we are against each other with fights and  
arguments.



There, we are like kings playing chess  
At the spread of the two worlds.  
Here, we are all confused and dizzy  
Like the dice of backgammon.

There is a sky, such a sky  
That when lightning strikes,  
We ascend to the sky.  
We appear there and at the same time,  
We enfold the earth.



## 35.

*Verse 363*

**W**ake up, don't sleep.  
We are alone.  
We can hear the sounds  
Of the village dogs and roosters.

All these narcissus, roses and carnations  
Where we are stretched out on the ground,  
By God, they are the traces  
Of the roosters of the Beloved's village.

The pleasure of the place where we have stretched  
And the speed with which we have stretched  
Has caused us to bite our lips, our mouth.

Wake up, don't sleep.  
It is time to drink morning wine.  
The morning stars have risen.  
We saw their lights.

It was night. People of the Caravan  
Stayed with the Caravan.  
Wake up now. Look. We slipped away  
From darkness. We escaped from jail.

The Sun, ring of the East,  
Sends the message everywhere,  
Telling them his army is ready.

Come to your senses.  
If you are the morning bird,  
Turn your face to early dawn,  
Because we appear  
Like the morning breeze from early dawn.

What happiness to recognize  
The messenger of the redness of early dawn.  
We are trying to bring this up  
Because we saw it come forward clearly.

What about the one  
Who sees the antidote and thinks it is poison?  
Happiness to the one who brought  
Him from doubt and suspicion.

The one who doesn't hear  
The messenger of early dawn,  
Who is not our confidant,  
We put a well in front of him.

The bat didn't accept.  
He closed his eyes.  
We tear the curtains  
Of the One who closes eyes.

Be silent! The sun started  
A sermon at the pulpit.  
We are His disciples.



## 36.

*Verse 381*

Early dawn wine is ready.  
Let's climb to the roof,  
Escape from the zodiacal ox  
And go to the zodiac of moon.

We shouldn't look for a fight.  
We shouldn't talk about strangers.  
It's time for Union.  
We should go to the side  
Of the One whose face is so beautiful.

Your face is a garden of roses.  
Your lips are a field of sugar cane.  
Under the shade of both,  
We will become rose petal marmalade.

Your face resembles the Sun.  
Since it pulled its sword for us,  
At night we should protect ourselves  
With the shield of the moon.

Your hair is Kadir's night.<sup>19</sup>  
Your face is entirely Nevruz.<sup>20</sup>  
We become the dawn  
For Your day and night.

Since You appear in this form,  
We know this form.  
If You appear differently,  
We will become that form.

You are sun of the world.  
We are hidden particles.  
With Your light, we will appear  
At this window.

If the sun is puzzled by You,  
If its head becomes dizzy,  
No wonder particles like us  
Become so utterly confused.

I said, "If You come,  
You open hundreds of doors."  
He said, "It's possible  
If you do come too."

I said, "If the sea doesn't come  
To the river,  
We flow like a stream  
To His side.

O, the One who talks about Absence,  
You talk talk that will make news  
About the Beauty who talks about You,  
And Your beautiful words make it beautiful news.



## 37.

### *Verse 392*

**G**ive thanks! Praise be to God  
That we are saved from the battle.  
We are out of that valley  
Which is full of hills and ditches.

We are saved from that soul  
Filled with illusion and wrong ideas;  
Saved from the deceitful fortune  
Which eats our Hearts with tricks and lies.

The greedy one's store wiped out  
Everybody's belongings with deceit.  
We demolished our store,  
Gave up that business.

We slept in the shade  
Of that stately rose garden.  
We are saved from drowning  
In this boiling, curious, endless sea.

We don't have our horses, but we are calvary.  
We don't have wine, but we are all drunk.  
We don't need the jar,  
Saved from indebtedness to the Cupbearer.

We broke our word,  
Then swore hundreds of times again.  
The month of repentance has come.  
We are saved from the omens.

From that Jesus of Love,  
From the spell of His Messiah  
We have become such a shape  
That we are saved from malaise,  
Examining urine and the diseased.

When the One seen and seeing  
Adorned the earth,  
We gave up beauty  
And were saved from the concubines of Bulgar.

O year, what a year you are!  
Because of your good fortune,  
We are saved from the fables  
Of last year and the year before.

With love, we gave up three days, forty days.  
Once we arrived at the temple of remembrance,  
We were saved from memories.

Be silent! With this Love  
And the knowledge Love brings  
From God's level,  
We are saved from seminaries,  
From books and their repetitions.

Be silent! Because of this mine,  
This divine treasure,  
We are saved from gains, purse and profit.

**Come to your senses.  
Finish your saying with that:  
Once the sun rises, we are saved  
From the watchman, from the thief  
And from the dark evening.**





# 38.

*Verse 405*

**W**e are in love with Damascus.<sup>21</sup>

With its affection  
Our head is dizzy, crazy, insane.  
We are giving our lives  
And tying our heart there  
For Love of Damascus.

Isn't the morning lucky  
That rises and shines from that site?  
Night and dawn we become  
The drunk of Damascus mornings.

We came by running to Bab.<sup>22</sup>  
Separation from our Beloved overwhelmed us.  
We get lost in thought  
Just by looking at this mosque of Love,  
The greens of Damascus.

I would take an oath  
With my hand on Osman's<sup>23</sup> Koran  
That because of the Beloved's pearl-like teeth,  
We would be tutor to Damascus

You are not at the doors of Ferec and Feradis.<sup>24</sup>  
How would you know  
What kind of trips and excursion  
We take in Damascus?

Since we are in the cradle of Jesus,  
We will climb to Rebve,<sup>25</sup>  
That high spot  
Where we get drunk like a drunk monk  
With the red wine of Damascus.

We saw a tree grove  
Stately as a Sultan at Neyreb.<sup>26</sup>  
We sat in the shade and pondered Damascus.

Everything is green.  
We will roll like a ball with hairs  
That looks like a club.  
We are at the valley of Damascus.

How long we will stay  
Without fun and pleasure?  
We should mount our horse.  
We are at the East door of the black spot  
Of the heart of Damascus.

We heard at Jabeli Sali<sup>27</sup>  
That there was a mine of pearl there.  
Because of that pearl,  
We are submerged in Damascus.

Damascus is known as heaven for union.  
We also are waiting for the Beauty of Damascus.

Because of the beautiful black hairs of Damascus  
Which resemble the night,  
We shall ride our horse a third time  
From the land of Rum to Damascus.

We will be slave and servant to Damascus  
If Sems of Tebriz is there.



# 39.

## *Verse 418*

Once more, we came from the road  
And reached the place of rank and glory.  
We have escaped the exile of the body  
And reached God.

No one has ever reached the Lord  
With horse and armor.  
We gave up our horse and armor,  
Then reached the Lord.

We poured lots of tears  
On this soil, like clouds.  
We gave up the clouds  
To reach that moon.

O drum players, play, play.  
Our turn has come, play, play.  
O Turk, come out.  
We've reached the place of the tent.

Like Joseph we stayed  
At the bottom of the well for some time.  
Then, a rope came from that side  
And we climbed from the well.

We kept breaking idols  
In front of Muhammad,  
Until we reached the Beauty  
Who is the desire and direction of the Heart.

Come close. We came from a long way.  
Ask us how we are doing,  
Because we came from the road.



## 40.

### *Verse 425*

**W**e are the fire of Love  
That reaches for the candle.  
We came to burn the oppressed moth  
Like a candle.

We attacked bravely like a drunk,  
Gave up knowledge  
And reached into the to-be-known.

At the first stage  
We passed a two-hour journey of existence  
With the caravans of the sufferers.

As you know, there is a moon  
That is neither up nor down.  
As you know, there is a place  
Where no one is praised; no one is reproached.  
That's where we've reached.

In spite of all stone-hearted bad luck,  
We have reached the door of garnet  
Which cannot be contained  
By the world of existence.

With the verse of Kursi<sup>28</sup>  
We have flown over the arch.  
There we have seen the One who lives in eternity  
Reached the One who saves,  
The One who protects eternally.

Today, we have so many branches,  
Leaves, flowers, fruits  
From that field and garden.  
Don't think we have been deprived.  
Look at us. See us. Watch us.

We should leave this ruined place for the owls.  
We are not owls.  
Why did we come to this rundown country?  
We put down our shingle  
At the Temple of Rum Kayseri.<sup>29</sup>

Take this story. Tell it in Tebriz.  
We have arrived in the country of Rum.<sup>30</sup>



# 41.

*Verse 434*

○ Beautiful One, whose face  
Is more beautiful than the moon,  
Today we can't differentiate  
A friend from a stranger.

We have escaped from the garden of the mind  
With Your love.  
We are nothing  
But utterly confused, crazy fools.

We don't see anything  
But the face of the Beloved in the garden.  
We don't watch anything  
But the branch and drunkenness.

A seed was hidden in that trap.  
They said, "We have gotten trapped so much  
That we don't even know the seed."

Don't get in the worlds of subtle points.  
Don't tell stories today.  
Spelling doesn't affect the Heart.  
We don't know stories.

Our Heart has been plunged  
Into that hair so much  
That we can't separate comb from hair.



Offer wine. Don't ask too often,  
"How many glasses is that?"  
We remember You  
So that we can't differentiate wine from cup.



## 42.

### *Verse 441*

**C**ompared to the flesh I choose,  
The rest of the people seem to be alright.  
Because of my stupidity,  
I bite my fingers a lot.

If you would get rid of something,  
Get rid of your desires.  
All the suffering and pain we go through  
Comes from our desires.

I look at His beauty, His rose garden.  
The only refuge for us is His Grace.

When Heart wakes up every morning  
It washes its face  
And runs toward the place  
It can escape from trouble,  
The place where people turn their faces  
When they are having difficulty,  
Submitting themselves and asking help from God.

Every seed I have harvested,  
Every game I have collected,  
Has turned out to be a trap for trouble.

After all, we are flying,  
Coming to You with broken wings and tired bodies.



## 43.

*Verse 447*

Today I am in such a shape  
That I can't differentiate  
The load from the donkey.  
I am in such shape today,  
That I don't know which is the thorn  
And which is the rose.

My love put me in this shape today.  
I don't know who is the Love  
Or who is the Beloved.

Yesterday, drunkenness led me  
To the door of my Love.  
But today I can't find  
The door or the house.

Last year I had two wings,  
Fear and hope.  
Today, I don't know of wings,  
Don't know how to fly,  
Don't know of my lost fears.

I used to complain  
About my golden, pale face.  
I'm not aware now about the gold  
Or the scream.  
I am saved from complaints.

The man in Love becomes blind to earthly things,  
But not like me.  
I am not aware of blind,  
Or deaf, or business.

He used to say, "Tear my dress  
To small pieces."  
I have no idea about guilt or awards.

I look like a harp.  
I don't know the melodies I make.  
I am telling secrets,  
But have no idea of the secrets.

I am like a pair of scales  
Which goes from bazaar to bazaar,  
But not knowing bazaars.

I am drunk like a pen  
Between the fingers of love.  
With Him, I am writing  
Rolls and rolls of paper,  
But I have no idea  
About the rolls or the paper.



## 44.

*Verse 457*

Cupbearer, my whole life  
Your Love has kept following me.  
But now my tongue is tied by Your boredom.

I am flying like an arrow  
To drink, to enjoy, to be free from anxiety.  
My friend, don't break my bow with Your grief.

I stand like a tent  
In front of Your door.  
Sweetheart, take me where You put Your tent  
And put me there.

Put the rim of the jar  
To my dried, chapped lips.  
Then hear the real magic come from my mouth.

Get the news from Babil.  
Listen to the story of destruction,  
Because I am a world traveler  
Through the way of thought.

Please excuse me if my exuberance  
Has gone beyond the limit.  
Love doesn't give me a breath of mercy.

When You are bored or are blue,  
I will be in sorrow.  
I become sad because of Your sadness.  
If You leave me even a brief moment,  
I bite my fingers.

At night when You give light like the moon  
Until dawn,  
I run after Your moon like a star.

When You rise like the sun from the east,  
I become full Soul like the sun.

The day when You hide from the eyes of the world  
I flutter like a bird's heart with thoughts.

The day Your light shines on my window,  
I start dancing like particles.

O, words, be silent.  
Walk secretly like thought.  
So that the one who thinks, reasons and excuses  
Won't come back and start fighting with me.



# 45.

*Verse 469*

Break the wine glass.  
Today we are in such a shape  
That we've become the head  
Of those who broke their repentance.

If the wine is depleted,  
The wine of Absence is enough for us.  
We are not bashful.  
We don't know this color.

Whatever is in the wine,  
It is from Absence.  
Even if we don't drink wine,  
We should stay with "that thing."

Oh thing, quit being anything.  
To become anything is the curtain.  
Aren't we the one who tears the curtain?

With your drunk eyes,  
We are the master,  
And at the same time, the slave.

You said to me, "Why are you advising?  
What's the use of advice?  
The One who designed us  
Made us that way."

Even this advice of mine  
Is not different from the eternal design.

You say you are separated from the Beloved's arms.  
No, we are in the arms of the Beloved  
And away from sorrows.

The Beloved is such a tree  
That we are the fruits of that tree.  
We come from Him.

Is He more separated than we are?  
That is impossible.  
If that is the case, nothing remains of us.

The grief we take nicely  
Turns into joy.  
Oh grief, come into our arms.  
We are the elixir of sorrows.

When the silkworm eats leaves,  
It makes a cocoon.  
We are the Love cocoon.  
We don't have  
The leaves and branches of this earth.

We are when we become Nothing.  
When we lose our legs,  
We become runners.

I close my mouth.  
I will tell the rest of the poem  
Close-mouthed.





## 46.

*Verse 483*

When my soul becomes  
A mirror to secrets,  
I can stay silent,  
But cannot help but know them.

I run off from flesh.  
I am frightened from Soul.  
But I swear, I belong to neither.

O, the one who wants to smell my fragrance  
Must die first.  
Don't look for me when you are alive.  
I am not as I appear to you.

I may look bent,  
But listen to my straight talk.  
I look like a bow.  
My talk is an arrow.

This head seems like a pumpkin.  
This short cloak is my body.  
Whom do I look like  
In this bazaar of earth?  
Whom do I look like?

Even if I'm a drop from Him,  
With the power of God  
I harvest pearls from the sea  
With that drop.

When the cloud of my eyes  
Grabs the pearl of this sea,  
It will fly through the sky of loyalty.

Until the flower grows from my tongue,  
I won't be able to take them  
To the door of God's Sems.



## 47.

*Verse 492*

Master, tell me, whom do I look like?  
I am a strange one.  
I don't belong to this earth.

I will close my mouth,  
I will hold my breath,  
So people won't envy me.  
I can do that.  
But I am unable to hide the knowledge.

That bald one found a hat  
To hide his baldness from the rose.  
Then he became angry with me,  
Saying he knows the world.

If he makes peace with me,  
I'll give him some medicine.  
I will save him  
From the shame of baldness  
And dependence on the rose.



# 48.

*Verse 496*

**W**e left Your town,  
But we haven't seen You long enough.  
We were dropped unripened  
From the branch of Your tree.

My beautiful One, we haven't rested enough  
In the shade of Your cypress.  
We haven't harvested enough from Your garden  
Because of the fear of the watchman.

We were dropped in Your Love's pan.  
We were burned and fried,  
But we haven't cooked.

You look like a treasure.  
We searched the ruins with Your Love.  
But at the end, we were hidden  
Like a snake under the ground.

We are purified  
From all kinds of dirt and cleanliness.  
We are annihilated in You.  
We are neither clean nor dirty now.

If you look for us,  
Look around the Beloved.  
Once we were annihilated from our body,  
We appeared in the arms of the Beloved.

Since we tasted Your salt and bread,  
We keep biting our fingers  
With so much pain.

Drums are beaten to strike the tent.  
Bells are heard.  
We piled our belongings to the sky.  
We took all the poisons people take.  
Thank God we had Your antidote.

When the water dried  
At the river of this earth,  
We flopped around  
Like a fish out of water.

Our eyes shed tears like a river  
Because of the dry creek.  
At the end we reached that fountain.

Patience brings relief.  
With that, difficulty comes.  
Be silent. Don't yell.  
We choose patience.



## 49.

*Verse 508*

*L*ast night like the night before  
You fooled me with tales.  
I swallowed Your warm deceit  
Like the one who falls for charms and coquetries.

Yesterday, didn't You promise,  
"I'm going, but I'll be back?"  
Didn't you swear  
You would please the heart of the drunks?

In the morning, you said,  
You'd be back in the garden.  
But You closed the gate of the garden  
And left at dawn.

O, Beautiful, O, Beautiful.  
These charms, this grace  
Are warmer than July's wind,  
O Sweetheart, whose face is more than beautiful  
Than the face of the rose garden.

As you know, the deceit  
Of a sweetheart like You  
Is like winter lightening  
In middle of the summer.

Don't complain if somebody cheats you.  
You've played hundred games.  
It's only fair  
If somebody does the same to you.

If you promised, be patient.  
Without patience,  
No help can come to beings from Absence.

If you won't be patient,  
I'll tell you the reason.  
I'll tell you in such a way  
That even you will confess,  
"Yes, that's Him."



## 50.

### *Verse 516*

To look at another's face  
Instead of Yours  
Or to sell the garden of purity  
For a penny  
Is the real infidelity.

O my Beautiful, whose face  
Is more beautiful than the moon,  
Every moon which shines in the sky of Love  
Is Your cloud.  
It is a must that we tear and destroy them.

Even lions cannot pasture  
On the hills where Your game is.

My Soul has withdrawn  
From everybody but You.  
I heard the sound of separation  
Loud and clear.

The one who doesn't know this state of awakesness  
Is asleep.  
It doesn't matter how hard you squeeze;  
Fresh water won't come from dry leather.



The love beside the Love  
Of the greatest of the great,  
Sems of God,  
Is nothing but hair growing on the eye.  
It is necessary to shave it.



# 51.

*Verse 525*

**H**undreds of new ears  
Opened in my head for hearing.  
Without Someone giving,  
No one could be born;  
Nobody would exist.

I became a garden and a field,  
A spring breeze blowing to praise You.  
Every particle of mine  
Became pregnant from that praise.

O, my Beautiful, it is really necessary  
To clean the mirror of the Heart  
Of superstitions and tales  
With the Love of Your face.

It is wonderful for drunks  
To pick on each other  
And try to grab the glass of loyalty.

I heard Your whistle.  
It is necessary now  
To untie the feet for the birth of the Soul.

How long will that moon  
Stay behind the clouds?  
Soul is reaching to lips.  
It is time to appear.

O, that Beautiful One.  
The rose garden of His face  
Is exempt from cold winter,  
His hyacinth eyebrows exempt from cutting.

The night when You are the Cupbearer,  
It's blasphemy to stay sober.  
Tonight You appear as the moon.  
To sleep is forbidden.

After you have touched Joseph's shirt  
With its beautiful smells,  
It would be nonsense  
To talk about any other perfume.

I said, "I kissed the bottom of Your feet."  
"That is the salve to put on your eyes,"  
He answered.

Enough. Be silence.  
The Sultan will talk.  
The words are His anyway.



## 52.

*Verse 536*

⓪ Master, we will grab your hands  
And pull You away from good and evil.

It is a night of ignorance  
And Your drunkenness keeps going on.  
But we, like morning,  
Rise and shine all around.

How long will you be hidden  
Behind the curtain of virtue and honor?  
The time is getting closer to tear the curtains.

Every fruit has ripened  
In the garden of earth.  
O stone-like, unripened fruit,  
When will you be ripened?

Mercy to the Soul  
Which has been struggling in the trap.  
Haven't you heard its screams yet?

You have the eye of Soul in your Heart,  
And that eye suffers all kinds of pain.  
All your troubles constantly hurt that eye.

Once the needles start poking that eye,  
Look for help. Get some medicine  
To relieve your pain, dry your tears.

To see Your face is the only remedy  
For the Heart and eye,  
O Joseph of such Beauty.



## 53.

*Verse 545*

O, Beautiful One,  
Who even instigated the houris,<sup>31</sup>  
You are tired of me.  
Don't clatter this chain.  
Don't excite anyone.

One evening You passed  
Through the street of the blind.  
Hundreds of slivers got into their eyes.

One night, You showed  
Your statures to the cypress tree.  
The cypress became taller,  
Keep growing because of You.

O the one who doesn't have  
The revel and moods of this Love,  
You stay bewildered  
Like the one just arriving  
In front of a new presence.

The camel moves through the desert  
To the melodies of the bedouin.  
Yet you are so unfamiliar with this tune,  
O, man, who is worse than a donkey.

Oh, Love, you are such a Solomon  
That Your army is music and dance.  
All the ants escape to their holes  
In fear of You.

God's Sems of Tebriz  
Has risen like sun.  
The sun becomes the dress  
For the naked ones.



# 54.

## Verse 552

Every night, they would set the table.  
We only break our fasting with Your image.

You are accustomed like a Messiah  
To bring Your grace and Your kindness  
As a meal for the fasting ones.

Since our Heart gets its nourishment  
From the kitchen of Your love,  
We should all go and stay there.

The fountain of life  
Overflows from the fire of Heart.  
In the fire of Heart  
We keep burning, like pitch, with joy.

To decay in the soil  
And be reborn from the soil  
Is for animals,  
Not the Soul.





# 55.

## Verse 557

**W**here is that deceitful Beauty  
Who took our Heart?  
Where is that sweet hero  
Who spreads sweets around?

Since we haven't seen His face,  
Our gatherings don't give pleasure anymore.  
Where is our sweet, charming,  
Deceitful Beauty? Where?

Even the moon in the sky  
Becomes thin because of his grief.  
Where is that skillful, talented,  
Wandering Beauty?

Where is the One  
Who makes fountains flow from our wild weed  
Like a body with five known and five unknown  
senses?

The Soul is like a Messiah  
In the cradle of the body.  
Where is Mary  
Who attends and tucks us in the cradle?

Where is the Love which forms  
With all the forms on the earth  
But is still devoid of form?

Where is that Beauty  
Who is apart from us  
And at the same time stays  
On our bowstring and under our fingers?

The self who blames what has been done  
And the self who orders these things to be done  
Is fighting day and night.  
Where is the One who pushes them  
To fight like that?

We are a handful of mud  
In the hand of the omnipotence of God.  
Then, because of our ignorance,  
We ask where the One is  
Who kneads our clay.

Where did God's Sems of Tebriz go?  
Where is He?  
Where is our crazy Heart  
Which runs after Him now?



# 56.

## Verse 573

I have met the Beloved today.  
The wind of union has been breezing.  
Happiness is born.  
Love has kept His word and shown loyalty.

Difficulty has gone from the side of the Beloved.  
He heard the Lovers  
Without the trouble of enemies.

O Heart, I give you good news about the union,  
About the clean pure wine:  
Time will give back to you  
The things it took away once.

Thanks to God, the enemy has gone.  
We are with the glass.  
Our face is a clean, cheek pink;  
He became blind and left with our griefs.

He tortured us  
By making evil people happy.  
Now we are alone,  
And He is praising us.

He is such a moon  
That His lights are brighter than the sun.  
The One who sees him  
Will see the sun as darkened.

Today He lifted the veil  
From His face like the moon.  
He is better than the sun, moon or venus.

There was no comfort in separation.  
Today we are happy.

The full moon gets its light  
From the sun.  
This one gives light to the sun.  
What kind of moon is this?

O, people, embrace Love.  
Respond to its calling.  
Run to Him,  
Because God gave immortality  
Only to Love.

Today, sleepless Love is in the sky  
Calling the sleepy Hearts.

Love is the life and feeling  
In the universe.  
Life without Love  
Is only an empty shell.

The one who takes you  
Away from Love to earth  
Is not your friend.  
He is your enemy.

There is no talk in Love.  
Moaning and groaning is enough,  
And patience is the only thing  
Which saves Love.

Be silent. Don't say anything.  
Let your tears tell all.  
When the Heart starts burning,  
It smells like incense.



## 57.

*Verse 595*

All the fools have gathered  
At Zaratoseri's Monastery.  
Offer a big cup of wine  
To that peerless, unique old man.

That bloody Love Master  
Is guarding the door and window.  
Reason has been flying  
From one house to the next.

That great, beautiful man  
Has lifted a curtain.  
All the people of the present time  
Came out from behind that curtain.

The Lovers have fallen into that sea  
In such a way  
That there is no possibility of being rescued,  
Nor any way to rescue them.

If Love ever cooled off from boiling,  
How could the lion be frightened  
By a woman's scream?

You fill up and offer this big cup  
From the wines of God.  
Don't put ordinary people in between.

First, offer that cup  
To *the self* who comes later,  
So he shuts his mouth  
And doesn't tell stories.

When the talks have ceased,  
A torrent rushes on  
And carries space and existence away.

What a fire God's Sems of Tebriz has started.  
What a flame; what a blaze!



# 58.

*Verse 604*

Who is that coming so drunk  
 From the Tavernkeeper?  
 Either the Beloved  
 Or the one who comes from the Beloved's arms.

Either the beauty of the Soul  
 Has lifted the black veil,  
 Or Joseph of Egypt has come from the bazaar.

Either venus and the moon  
 Have joined and become one,  
 Or the walking cypress  
 Has come from the rose garden.

Either the fountain of Hizir<sup>32</sup>  
 Has run this way,  
 Or our pleasant Turk  
 Has come from the land of Bulgar.

Either the jewel is shining  
 On the corner of the hunting Hakhan's<sup>33</sup> hat  
 Or He has come to get the gazelle  
 Of the land of Tartar.

Either our sea-hearted Cupbearer  
 Has set the gathering,  
 Or a basketful full of snakes  
 Prepared as appetizers and sugars  
 Has arrived.



Either the form of Absence  
Has become Soul of the moment,  
Or the torch  
Has come from the land of the lights.

Watch the Sultan of the fairies.  
He has came to ask the parrot to escape  
From the prophet Solomon.

The beauties of earth  
Have split their colors and sleeves behind Him.  
The judge of the mind  
Has lost his heart and his turban because of Him.

Even mercury came down from the sky  
Because of His majestic,  
Blood-shedding mercury eyes.

He has brought a sackful of gold  
As payment for the life  
Of every living being  
Whom He has killed.

The first cause of blood is glass on his hand.  
It is clean and pure.  
Drink from that glass.  
It has come from the secret land.

Be silent, O man  
Who endures losses and wears black.  
He is talking from the garden of union.  
Be silent.



# 59.

*Verse 617*

Who is that who comes like moonlight  
In the middle of the night?  
Is He the Prophet of Love  
Who just came from the altar?

He brought a torch  
And threw sleep into the fire.  
He came from the sleepless  
King of Kings.

Who is that who comes to town  
In a big uproar  
And wipes out the harvest  
Of the poor with a torrent?

Who is that who opened  
A table of favors again  
And called all His friends  
For joy and happiness?

He had a glass in his hand called destiny  
Which makes or breaks  
The beginning and end of the people,  
Such a glass  
That the grape juice in it  
Gives color to the desert.

All hearts are trembling;  
Souls are impatient.  
A piece of this trembling  
Has turned into mercury metal.

Kindness and softness  
He showered on his creatures.  
A small piece of this softness  
Has become a part of the squirrel's fur.

Love has a bunch of keys  
Under its arm.  
Come, open the doors.



# 60.

Verse 629

⓪ Beautiful One,  
Out of all the existing world  
We chose You.  
But You left us  
And got involved with yourself,  
Gazing at yourself constantly.

We are Your mirror.  
Even then, aren't You ashamed  
To become a terrible mirror  
That shows people distorted and crooked?

O one who is not aware of himself,  
Roses bloom and gardens turn green  
When your Heart is reflected on the cheek of Souls.

Hundreds of Souls have been your slave.  
Yet you adorn yourself,  
Running to the bazaar  
Like a stupid female servant.

The person whose Soul is bent  
Like a bow with worries  
Finds there is a wedding party in the sky  
From the joys of Your beauties.

Hundreds of harvests of favor  
Were given to you.  
Yet you flew into His trap  
With only one grain.

O the one who heard only the word of Love,  
See Love.  
Seeing is different from hearing.

With Love of the One  
Who dressed and made you beautiful last night,  
Come to the privacy of Love tonight  
By yourself.

How can one be patient  
Towards God's Sems of Tebriz,  
O fountain of life  
Who has tasted immortality?



# 61.

*Verse 638*

O the One who has heard  
The call from the drum of sky,  
O, the One who pulled all his belongings  
From here to take up there,

O, the One who had eyes like narcissus,  
Whose face resembled the tulip,  
Now, tulip-narcissus are growing on Your grave.

O the Beauty who is around  
Hundreds of doors and roofs,  
Now, You have made a house of the grave  
Where there is no door or roof.

Where are the flirting eyes and eyebrows?  
Death had its eye on both of them, O Beautiful.

O the One whose hand  
Was the place of kisses for many dear persons,  
Now you are of the hand of Absence,  
And both hands are bitten.

All of this is easy  
If the bird of your Heart  
Has broken the cage and flown to the sky.

It doesn't matter if forms are missing  
As long as Soul reaches soundness.  
It is alright if the books are torn,  
But the feet are saved.

O the one who doesn't know  
The taste of Soul,  
Your Soul will give thanks hundreds of times  
When it is freed from the torture of this body.

Where is the taste of the Master of Love?  
Where is the muddy water?  
Where is the roof of sky  
Where the roof looks like sky?

What an irony, O my God,  
That we stay at the bottom of hell  
And are still afraid of eternity.

The skies are jealous,  
Angels worship us,  
And the devil is afraid of our zeal.

Close your mouth to people  
And drink the wine of lips.  
Sleepy eyes will tell the stories.





## 62.

*Tercî-Bend*

*Verse 650*

O the One who brought our Soul  
From thought and grief,  
The One who pulls our Soul to His garden  
With smiles and reproaches!

He saw that the world  
Was getting away from his sight.  
Once more, He created  
Invisible things for the eye to see.

Those are the things  
That give a different awareness,  
Light-headedness to the Soul.  
Keep people away from businesses and occupations.  
Tempt them to desire Him  
And nothing else.

How can you call a spider<sup>34</sup> Sultan?  
One of its leg in the hole  
Keeps making black webs out of passions.

O, My Friend, the one who works in Your garden  
Crushes grapes, eventually becomes sweet  
And acquires sweet beliefs.

In the fall when every garden, every field  
Burns and is broken,  
The fruit on the trees of Your garden  
Bend their branches to the ground.

This garden invites the Soul to come,  
But the Soul is already caged in the body  
Which is full of blood and wounds.

O Soul, the one who choses to hide  
In that dirty place,  
Take my advice to your ear like an earring.  
Get out of that place, like a treasure.

Days and nights are like a robe  
Made of cloth of various colors.  
Pull, pull that robe.  
The person who was bitten by a snake  
Is afraid of a robe of that kind.

When will our neck be out  
Of this robe of days,  
Like a free person?  
When will we become different than Abu-Lehet,<sup>35</sup>  
Without a robe made of date trees around our neck?

The rose garden of Soul will flourish  
Without fear of autumn.  
The horse of Soul will be out to pasture,  
Eating without mouth and palate.  
The horse will have thrown its halter,  
Running around the valley among the flowers.

\*\*\*\*\*

I will tell the verse of Tercî  
Which will bring the searchers to the point.  
All the drunks have been exhausted  
From searching for a treasure like that.

\*\*\*\*\*

The wind blew, came to the willow tree and said,  
"O willow, how long will this dance,  
This confusion last? You are all over the place."  
"Ask yourself," the willow told the wind,  
"O the One who seduces us and gives us the wine."

"I haven't had one vessel in my body  
Which is not drunk.  
Your wine has penetrated my blood, my marrow."

O Sober People, O the One fully awake,  
Tell us the story. Bring us up to date.  
When was the beginning of this *come and go*  
When will it end?

This Turk greets me, saying, "Key?"<sup>6</sup>  
I tell him, "Be silent. I know  
Neither *key* nor *bey*."<sup>37</sup>

When Mutzili<sup>38</sup> asked me  
If Nothingness is something,  
I told him,  
"When I am out of my self, it is something.  
When I am with me, it is nothing."

If you want to put your lips to the Beloved's lips,  
Be empty of your self.  
Learn this from the flute reed.  
This thought has led me to such a garden at dawn  
That it is neither out nor in this world.

I ask, "O strange garden,  
What kind of garden are you?"  
He answers, "I'm afraid  
Of neither November nor winter.

"Like the moon and sun,  
I'm close to you  
And at the same time far away.  
Once you pass through God's road,  
Distance disappears."

Even if you don't see the sun,  
Don't you feel the heat of the sun  
And the coldness of shade?

Come to your senses.  
Stay away from the cold.  
Increase your warmth  
Until your cold winter becomes summer.  
Confusion will settle the right way.

The Sun gives news.  
It talks without words or breath.  
Quit saying *a, b, c, d*.  
Close your mouth.

\*\*\*\*\*

We announce the beginning of the third terci,  
And the secret bird starts flying away.

\*\*\*\*\*

Jump. Get up. The spring envoys come.  
The hunter Sultan brings forth new game.

There is a long way  
From the desert of Absence  
To Existence.  
But the Sultan has taught Absence  
To ride a horse.

At the garden, a new death  
Has risen from the grave.  
All the exalted ones  
Are freed from contemptibilities.

Earth is shaken by quakes.  
God says at that time,  
"I will resurrect all the dead ones on earth."

When this cloud rains Souls instead of water drops,  
Will you be ashamed to cry for emancipation?



# 63.

Verse 683

Featureless Beauty  
Who creates all features,  
O Cupbearer who offers  
The cup of mischief to Lovers,

You shut my mouth so the secret can't be told.  
But all those secrets  
Are coming out through the door  
That You opened in my Heart.

When your beauty secretly dropped the curtain,  
Heart had fallen to the Cupbearer,  
Had agreed with the wine.

Soul was unable to see  
Your bare face without a veil;  
It doesn't have the power.  
Whatever I say,  
Your beauty is beyond that.

Soul is like a drunk camel that runs after You.  
My body is like a neck band  
Tied on the neck of this drunk camel.

Oh, God's Sems of Tebriz,  
My Soul is pregnant from You.  
With the help of Your grace,  
When will I see the baby be born?



## 64.

*Verse 691*

O, our dear friend, Rebâbî Abu-Bekir.<sup>39</sup>  
If you are in Love,  
How long will you run  
After bread and roasted meat?

Eat fire with Love like an ostrich.  
Why would you become a student  
Of the raven for food?

This deceitful fortune, this lightning  
Comes and goes from the clouds  
And gives you a morsel  
Just to make you a morsel for him.

Be smart. Don't eat his morsel  
And don't eat the morsel of his fire.  
Without this food, you can find sustenance  
In your Heart, in your Soul.

Remember, when your body  
Was sucking blood from the umbilical cord,  
You didn't use your mouth, your throat.  
Neither were there any dried dates there.

What did the fish eat that became food for us?  
Really, sometimes it's hard to see  
The food that sea creatures eat.

The plant grows when the seed decays,  
Just like Love ruins you.  
The ear of corn raises its head from the ground,  
Saying, "I was dead.  
With His grace, I came back to life again."

If you want to see daily resurrections,  
Come to the garden.  
See how the dead grounds become green again.

They said we had decayed and become soil.  
Today we rise to the heights like a cypress.

Say something without words  
So our enemy won't say,  
"All these things were written in the books before."





# 65.

## Verse 703

O, moon, if you shine once more like that,  
You'll find us neither in this house,  
Nor in the world.

Whatever Your agate has looked at and seen  
Has become ashamed and turned into water  
Like the mountains of Uhud.<sup>40</sup>  
It is not unusual that creatures living in water  
Eventually become water.

The mind which had two or three hundred wings  
Has only two or three remaining.  
Even those are under the curtain.

O Love, both worlds became drunk  
And spread to the ground because of You.  
Don't ask who did this or that.

If this wine hadn't been  
Fermented in that jar,  
One drop wouldn't make everyone so exuberant.  
The rebab<sup>41</sup> player can't excite anyone  
Without being excited first.

O world traveler, if you turn around the world  
And see nothing but forms,  
You must be sleeping.  
Splash water on your face.

If you are looking for crops,  
Come to our harvest.  
If you are fond of roasted meat,  
Have a propensity toward our Heart.

I'll pull you by force  
If you don't come by yourself.  
You are in our circle.  
You are not a stranger, not a raven.

If the child doesn't go to school  
By himself,  
He is taken there by force.  
O, my friend,  
Did you think you were an exception?

Pick up the glass.  
Free yourself from ties and bindings.  
As long as you are aware of yourself,  
You depend on questions and answers.

At the end, hear the yells of the drunks.  
O you senile imbeciles,  
Look what kind of grief you are in.

Let me hold your hand for two, three days.  
You'll boil and fry.  
Don't turn your face  
From the glory of the Kingdom.

Don't fall down and sleep  
In the place where you got drunk.  
Run to the place of the Cupbearer.

How long will you stay in fire, O Heart?  
You are not iron.  
O crying eye, it is enough.  
You are not a cloud.

O, Cupbearer, Your face  
Is more beautiful than the moon.  
Your eyes look so drunk.  
Snap your fingers! Know you're happy!  
You're in the right way!

You could tell things that I haven't said.  
Open the door of the Heart.  
You are the Sultan  
Who could talk and say everything.



## 66.

*Verse 720*

If you were familiar with the wisdom of the Tavern,  
This knowledge, this skill  
Would mean nothing to you.

If the bird of Nothingness  
Were to cast a shadow on you,  
The Semurg<sup>42</sup> of the world  
Would seem like a fly to your eye.

If you were to see  
The clamor of the real Sultan,  
The drums of the Sultan  
Would sound like a bell to you.

If the morning of Glory  
Were to shine on you,  
Your skirt and your beard  
Wouldn't be in the hand of the watchman.

If the One ahead of you  
Were to help you,  
Your Heart  
Would be emptied of the burden you carry.

If the ear of your Soul is not deaf,  
Hear everything in reverse,  
Because a single alphabet is enough  
In the book of Love.

He said, "If that stupid one were smart,  
He would see all the returning ones.  
They have all died.  
None of them will come back."

The flame of your Soul trembles  
In front of the wind of death.  
If you had your share of immortality,  
It wouldn't tremble like this.

If your bad character  
Were not a friend of bad people,  
That temporary juice  
Wouldn't taste so good.

Be silent. All these things take time.  
If there is enough time,  
Worlds and yells will come to help you.



## 67.

*Verse 731*

There is sema today.  
There is wine, that drunken Cupbearer,  
A bottle and permissive crowd.

But they are not  
The same permissive people in this world  
Who don't take things seriously.  
They are the opium users.

The One who sees everything permissible  
Is the Soul who has tasted that wine.  
Where is the Soul  
Who has no beginning of the beginning?  
We are not looking for the Soul  
Who has been blown up  
Like a gust of wind.

In such a test by the hand of such wine,  
My God, what would happen  
To the Soul of the real muslim?  
The only one who tastes this wine  
Is the one who used to shed his blood.  
He bleeds from his lung,  
And his lung is rejuvenated by the wine.

The One who becomes immortal  
With morning wine  
Will be free from debt, sorrow and grief.

This One is the Beauty of Absence.  
If His cheeks are purple,  
It is not from blood.  
If it is white,  
It is not from camphor or Rebah.<sup>43</sup>

This is a candle  
That has burned and brightened everywhere.  
Its light has reached beyond the arch.  
Its moths are the Hearts and chests  
Of the saved ones.

The curtain of the seven stages of sky  
Are burned by its light,  
Soul, Heart, flight, everywhere.  
This is the chain of drunks  
In this ruined tavern.  
O yelling, screaming Hodja,<sup>44</sup>  
This is far from your lips and teeth.

Applause! Bravos!  
What a beautiful state of ecstasy  
Has freed you from other states.  
Applause! Bravos!  
What a beautiful morning of drinking;  
What a beautiful morning of wine.

Even the angel of death tells himself,  
"Stop. Your arm does not reach there."

We don't know anything, really.  
What is knowledge?  
This is the pardon of sin.  
This is the forgiveness to cleanse all guilt.

Hear the shouts of the drunks  
From the Land of Absence.  
These shouts are different than yells and screams.  
This is a different tumult.

If you refuse to hear  
If you refuse to listen,  
Go be a slave for the common people.  
Be inflicted by spear wounds  
For only two or three slices of bread.

God's Sems of Tebriz  
Always rides the sun of the Sun.  
He uses it like a horse,  
But He doesn't go away like the sun.





# 68.

*Verse 740*

**O** Cupbearer,  
Honor my hand, my wrist with your wines.  
With your favor, your Grace,  
Wine is at my side.  
So is Soul.



# 69.

## Verse 741

**M**aster, the Tavern is overflowing.  
Drunks are all intertwined together.  
Watch the drunks bring snakes and offer wine,  
O Master.

Every drunk is holding another drunk  
In his arms by drunkenness, O Cupbearer,  
Time-by-time turning or offering wine,  
O Master.

Nothing, not even a piece of hair,  
Will get into this circle of drunks,  
Except dance, *hi-hi's*,  
And watching each other's feelings and thoughts.

O the One who nourishes us with blessings,  
In the name of God, get up.  
For that, we will give our lives to You,  
O Master.

O Master, there is no other miracle  
But seeing Your face in these two worlds.

What a wonderful thing to meet,  
To join to the Master of the Tavern  
When he comes like a bale of sugar to the Tavern.  
He dances, smiles and says,  
"I had fallen asleep as a drunk.  
I woke up with these *hey-hey* noises  
And came here."

Hundreds of shouts hit the roofs of eyes  
From that smile, that talk, that sweet air,  
O Master.

Even the sun closes its eye  
When it sees the flame of Your face.  
It is better than raw crystals.  
It is better than a place to put the lamp,  
O Master.

Who has ever seen  
The ascensions, manifestations and presences  
At the house of the Tavern Keeper,  
O Master?

Don't get into a fight  
With the drunks of God's Tavern,  
So that the Master doesn't pull your blood vessels  
One by one.

Don't try to get sympathy  
By bending your neck in pretense  
At the house of the Heart.  
Today all the secrets are open,  
O Master.

One day when I go to the sea of meaning,  
O Master,  
You will remember all these words.

O, mine of sugar, welcome.  
Don't blame Him  
If Your servant kisses Your face,  
O Master.

It becomes a must for me  
To keep silent prayer in the shadow of Your Heart  
With a pure Heart,  
O Master.

We shall read the chapter of Kasas<sup>45</sup>  
And secret verses from the Koran of Your face,  
O Master.

This world is full of grief and worry.  
That drunk narcissus has given up  
The beginnings and ends,  
O Master.

We have been annihilated  
Like a shadow on Your face  
Which resembles the sun and Your beauty,  
And are saved from all troubles,  
O Master.

Come to the bazaar as a drunk.  
Look around there.  
All the important works will become in good order,  
O Master.

Telling poems is the only thing  
Until the day of death.  
Everything else is nonsense,  
O Master.

This gazel is the Sultan of all gazels.  
The rest of them  
Are the slave and the servant of this gazel.  
Every verse of this gazal is the key for every wish,  
O Master.

I am silent now.  
You tell the rest of it.  
You tell, O, Sultan of signs and words,  
O Master.

O, God's Sems of Tebriz,  
You are the Moses of our time.  
You went to the Mount Sinai of my Heart  
At Your time of promise,  
O Master.



## 70.

*Verse 772*

○, Heart, what did you find in this looting,  
In this pillage where you spread your belongings,  
Closed the store and left?

In this ruined building,  
You keep making  
A web to catch flies  
With your own saliva  
Like the spider of greed.

Because of the sweet taste and drunkenness  
Of this earthly grain,  
Do you think your Heart is out of the trap?  
Who would build a mud house  
In front of the torrent?  
Have you heard about the one  
Who eats grain in the trap?

While there is still time,  
Jump out, get out of this trap.  
Fly to the garden of Soul  
Where you stroll.

O peacock-resembling Soul,  
Open your mind's wing.  
Don't you remember the time  
When you flew at the throne of God?

You flew from the throne of God.  
By accident you were dropped to the earth.  
You gave up your wings  
For the price of two or three grains.

You've become so fond of food,  
It's as if you just came from a famine.  
You're either biting your lips  
Or hurting your hand.

Where is the Sultan's zeal?  
Didn't you drink the milk of that glorious morning  
From that stately nanny?

The Sultan-like deposition  
Which is added to your Soul with that milk  
Cannot be mixed with blood and dirt.

The Lord is the One who kneaded our clay.  
That taste, that zeal, that gift  
Comes from His hand.

By God, the words once are heard,  
"Am I not your God?"  
There the Sultan taught you to be a master  
As well as a disciple.

He taught you  
That heart and Beloved are the same.  
He also taught you  
That you are sometimes a lock,  
Sometimes a key.

Sometimes he is advice;  
Other times he's a tie and burden.  
Sometimes he is poison;  
Other times he's sweet.  
Sometimes he is rejuvenated and grows;  
Other times, he's worn out and dried.

O torrent, in this way  
Sometimes you pour from above,  
Other times you flow down to the stream.  
But once you reach the sea,  
You don't change colors any more.

O soil, haven't you been torn to pieces  
By this constant wounding?  
O, sky, hasn't your back been broken  
By this heavy stone?

O Sea of the Truth,  
This earth is your wave, your foam.  
You are hidden.  
Sometimes you are busy with work;  
Other times you are tranquil.  
You are neither in the open nor inapparent.

O source of the sun,  
Your exuberance from that sea  
Has pierced the curtain of darkness with light.  
Any dirt you pick up becomes gold.  
Any stone you choose  
Becomes rubies and emeralds.



Whose students are you, then?  
You came into this world as a master.  
Where did you learn  
This trade without tools?

Be silent.  
Remember how many times  
You have left this world, these thoughts,  
And flew to the door.



# 71.<sup>46</sup>

*Verse 795*

Bagdad is still the same Bagdad.  
Go and look for a new beauty.  
Why are you stuck with that old skeleton?

You've eaten a few spoonfuls of food  
From the pots of this earth.  
Don't worry. The rest of it is the same.

My wish is God.  
My disciple is God.  
I give my old to God.  
I give my new to God.

I have been laid down under the feet  
Of fate and accident.

Payment cannot be bothered  
By cleanliness or dirt.  
There is neither good nor evil  
Beside the greatness of God.  
Even if one breath separates me from Him,  
It is not good for me.

I cannot pull myself from His comfort,  
Nor from His torture.  
God's wish makes me a lock sometimes,  
At other times a key.

Even when I blink my eyes,  
I cannot take my eyes away from Him.  
The things I have now,  
The things I had before,  
They are all His.

He is the mirror's eye.  
My Soul, my body become beautiful  
With that eye.  
My reliance, my tolerance  
Are all adorned by him.

Throw yourself open like a ball  
So that the Sultan may hit you with His club.  
Aren't you part of these festivities?

These people resemble clubs,  
And angels are the ones  
Who are swinging them.  
Distant or close,  
He is the one who does everything.

Quit this coyness.  
You're worth more than that.  
You are the light in the eye of Huseyin,<sup>247</sup>  
Not for Yezid.<sup>48</sup>

I have taken an oath,  
Made a deal with Love.  
This desire, this pleasure  
Will be my helper and witness.

I vow  
And vow to the One  
Who abides by One's promise:  
My existence and Absence are filled by Love;  
So are my luck and abundance.

Wherever there is one  
Who has become dried and like a skeleton,  
Pull him to the sea to rejuvenate.  
Plunge into the sea of exaltation.

To fall into trouble and to be aware of one's self  
Is the punishment of the stingy, mean people.  
To drink coffee, to get drunk  
Is for the auspicious, happy ones.

Exaltations and superiorities  
Are for the great God.  
Greatness comes from God to man  
As a gift, as a wedding present.

O the One who hasn't been burned.  
O the One who is frozen,  
The One who denies my drunkenness.  
The One who stays only in forms and shapes,  
O the One who is jealous of me,  
Soul runs through this rose garden like a torrent.  
Why is your neck bent and mute like a violet?

Looking around, hesitation, or force and power  
Are all from God,  
Who has everything.  
He could give you everything;  
He could send light to every creature.

O, the beautiful Gazelle  
Makes musk and ambergris on the belly button  
Because you have been out in His pastures  
With the crocuses and hyacinths.



## 72.

### *Verse 815*

**Y**ou were saved yesterday.  
You were saved last night.  
Don't use a trick today.  
Whom did you see then?

You took me to the door of the house  
By telling tales.  
You left me there, standing,  
And You climbed up to the roof.

You broke a hundred jars of poor neighbors.  
You tore hundreds of purses on this way.  
Is there anybody left  
Whom you haven't put to sleep with your deceit?

You pulled the rug  
From under the heads of the people  
Who are asleep.  
Remember, nobody comes back from that world.  
You told me that today.  
You've changed your mind again.  
You've become like this.

What kind of bird are you?  
What is your color?  
You'll see today.  
You are out of the cage  
Because of the wound  
Which death opened in you.

Whom did you let go?  
Whom did you choose?  
You'll see today. You'll see today.

Either you sucked from the breast of miracles  
Or the black devil nursed you.  
O falcon, get the turban off  
Of your head, and face.  
Look around carefully and hear well.

Your feet are to take you  
To what you desire.  
Your eyes are to lead you  
Where you can see.

You will smell the roses  
That you saw in the rose garden.  
The thorn you put on the Beloved will hurt you.  
The poison you picked up from the valley  
Will bitter your mouth and palette today.

As you can see, your smelted iron  
Has become soft today.  
You either locked the door  
Or put the key in the lock.

At this moment,  
If you are pure and clean essence,  
You will become a necklace on the neck of angels.  
But if you are ugly and dirty,  
You'll be expelled from the sky.

It doesn't matter  
Whether you are the water of life  
Or black water.  
Once you close your eyes,  
You merge with the same source.

If you are freed from self,  
You'll fly with the wing of Soul  
Among the Souls.  
That's what you deserve.

If you reach joy and happiness  
With the One who creates joy and happiness,  
You'll be away from the black mud of strangers.

The flame of that light  
Would buy you back today,  
Because you give your Soul and Heart  
To buy Him.

You gathered and collected Him  
Like gold which was spread around.  
Now His silverish body  
Will come to your silver arms.

O, Love and mercy to the pure clean Ones,  
Because whatever you blew to the ground,  
That will grow.

Be silent.  
Don't tell the whole secret to everyone  
Just because you appear like a sun  
In the eyes of every particle.





# 73.

*Verse 837*

⓪, the one who wounds the Heart<sup>19</sup>  
With thorns and envy,  
After you have done all these things,  
You leave and hide in the grave.



# 74.

*Verse 836*

**F**all in Love, in Love.  
Don't be stupid.  
You are the son of the Sultan.  
How long will you stay a prisoner?

It is a shame for the son of the Sultan  
To be a mister or minister.  
Don't hold anything but Love.  
Anything outside of Love,  
He is not what you think he is.  
He is master of death.  
His ambition to become a minister  
Brings evil consequences.

If you are not a picture  
On the glass of the public baths,  
Look for Soul.  
If you are in love with forms,  
How can you find Soul?

You are a beautiful pearl.  
Don't mix with the ground.  
Don't mix with vinegar.  
You are honey and milk.



On this side, people don't know You.  
But on the other side  
Where there are no sides or fronts,  
You are a peerless example.

In this temporary world,  
If you are nobody, it doesn't matter.  
As long as you live, that's enough.

It's so obvious from Your struggle, Your work  
That You are God's lion  
In the shape of a human.

Since I have seen Your superiority, Your levels,  
I am bored with the others,  
Even with Makamat-i Hariri.<sup>50</sup>  
Life has come and passed.  
As long as You are here under the light of God,  
It doesn't matter if it's early or late.

The value of the Beloved  
Depends on the level of the Lovers.  
O hopeless Lover, what is your value?  
What is your worth?

The beauty of the moth is measured  
By the light of the candle.  
Aren't you the moth for the brightest candle?

O, God's Sems of Tebriz,  
You are either the act of seeing or looking  
Or the one who looks and sees.  
That's why it is impossible  
To see and understand You.



# 75.

*Verse 851*

Wake up. It is morning time,  
Time to drink the morning wine,  
Time to get drunk.  
Open your arm.  
The beautiful Beloved has come.

Come and see this magnificent, immortal life.  
This life has been exempted  
From the numbered breath.

Before, fortune used to scratch our heads.  
It's over.  
From now on, O, Heart,  
You scratch the head of fortune.

The sky which has hundreds of moons  
Starts turning.  
O, poor sky, you have nothing  
But one day of shining.

This glass of Soul  
Which becomes death for the angel of death  
Gives no upset stomach, nor dizziness or headache.

Enough. Be silent.  
If Soul depletes our shapes and forms,  
It will bring hundreds of apologies  
To the Beautiful One.



# 76.

*Verse 857*

⓪ Soul, the One who is saved  
By passing through this dark planet,  
Your place is in the glory  
Of lack and poverty.

O the one who pulls all his belonging  
To the secret country,  
O the one who becomes  
Existence for everything,  
Why have you started crying?

You are dressed in the most celebrated of attributes  
After taking off the mantle of humanity,  
Which is made of hundreds of patches.

The rose is ashamed in front of you  
And spreads its petal on your beautiful feet.  
Thorns are no longer thorns  
Because of your favors.

Today, you are squeezing unripe grapes  
In the Tavern.  
Tell me, is this the proper thing to do?

Hoping for your favor,  
Fortune has fallen on your feet,  
Rubbing the bottom of your feet  
On its eyes and face.

All that exists and that doesn't exist  
Is coming out of the cave  
With your light  
On its way to the garden of eternity.

What kind of Beloved are you?  
What kind of cave is this?

The one who takes a jump from your hand  
Will be busy with his own,  
But out of work in this world.



## 77.

*Verse 867*

**A** Beauty caught my eyes  
In the garden of peace and pleasure.  
I asked, "What kind of Beauty are you?  
The trees who watch your Beauty  
Get pregnant from your flowers.  
"Are you the Soul of spring?" I said.

I passed out, fell down and worshiped.  
"O, Beloved," I said, "Tell me again and again,  
What kind of Beloved you are."

"I am a ray of a light  
From the light of God's Sems of Tebriz  
Whose face has uncounted beauties  
Beyond description."





## 78.

### *Verse 871*

**W**e have been waiting to hear from you.  
How long will you keep silent?  
We remain so burned and consumed;  
You stay bored and disgusted.  
You won't say,  
But how long will this stay like this?

"O, Moon, how long will you bang the metal bowl?"<sup>51</sup>  
Our Heart is already upside down.  
This is a very unruly gathering.  
Everything and everyone is excited with each other.  
O Beautiful, how long will this fight last?

Yesterday's mind has fallen to the ground,  
Picked up a stick, then entered  
The circle of the dervishes.  
How long will this terrible act last?

When our Cupbearer offered a cup of wine,  
He broke the door of the monastery and yelled,  
"How long will this temple stand like this?"

"This is the time for joy.  
How long will we stay in the gloom?"  
Then He said, "Throw away the rosary.  
Become free of hypocrisy and fanaticism."

The One who keeps the silence  
Eats snacks and drinks wine,  
Becomes drunk and merry.

O, the one who utters all this nonsense,  
How long will this last?



## 79.

*Verse 877*

If you're afraid of this fire,  
You will stay raw and uncooked.  
You will be trapped  
If you try to escape from this circle.

If you try to stay at the front of the line,  
You will always stay dizzy.  
Don't run away from a Friend  
Like you run from the rain.

Loyalty is the price  
For the assembly of the Elest.<sup>52</sup>  
Be loyal to your Friend.  
Aren't you afraid of death?

Your situation is this:  
You are full of grief, regret and worries.  
You've become incapable of doing anything.  
You're facing the empty bath cup.<sup>53</sup>

The time has arrived.  
Join us so that you may turn your grief into joy.  
You cannot see the dance of this Chinese beauty,  
But don't you understand her dancing  
From watching the movement of these curtains?

You have watched the shinings  
Of hundreds of moons in every part of the world  
That are just the reflection  
Of that secret moon in the sky.

O leaves that become confused by adverse winds,  
If you don't see the wind,  
Don't you still see your situation?  
You don't dance if the wind doesn't dance.  
If the wind doesn't blow you with your thoughts,  
You become a standstill.

The arch, sky and Soul  
All look like a caravan of camels  
In this world which changes  
From one time to another.  
You are dragged at the back of the caravan.

The wine is next to you.  
Drink that blood.  
You resemble a baby nursed with blood  
In the belly of the sky.

If suddenly trouble comes  
To the sky of the Heart,  
You will raise your head from the sky  
And understand that you are different now.

O the one who believes  
In the mercy of the two worlds,  
At the end of the ninth month,  
You will see the face  
Of Sems of Tebriz.

Stay in the blood for nine months and endure.  
You are the moon, O Sultan.  
You are God's Sems.



## 80.

*Verse 889*

Golpinalri omitted Gazel 80 from his *Divan-i Kabir* because it is a combination of Gazel numbers 72 and 73. Hence, it is also omitted from this translation.



# 81.

*Verse 893*

**W**ake up. Here is the Soul.  
Here is the world. Here is youth.  
Look at the sun, how it's rising and shining.

Remember, there was a beloved  
Who Solome looked for in her dreams.  
O Joseph of the time,  
You are a hundred times more beautiful than that.

Wake up. The scale of resurrection has been set.  
Weigh yourself  
And see if you are heavy or light.  
There is a trace of creator in every creature.  
The lover who has no Heart  
Is the only one  
Who is not satisfied with only one trace.

In every breath, a voice comes  
From the two-wheeled cart of the sky.  
"O, ox, it is up to you.  
You've been shown the right way."

Wake up and watch the clamor  
Of this immortal life  
So you can be saved quickly  
From this temporary life.

He is eternal life.  
You cannot pass Him.  
He is the Soul of this world.  
Yet you are only a small form here.

If he touches the shape which he carved from stone,  
Stone comes to life.  
It is too bad if you are deprived from Soul.

He is the mine of agate.  
Come to the mine.  
Why do you stay tied to the store?





## 82.

*Verse 902*

I have found a sign in my home,  
A trace from the Sultan,  
A ruby ring, a belt that belonged to the treasury.  
Last night, my peace of Heart, my confident of Soul  
Came to my house,  
And I was in sleep.

Last night my Sultan  
Broke a hundred bowls and jars  
With His drunkenness.  
You know His caprices, His ways,  
There is a scratch on my face  
From the golden scissors,  
A gift from the Sultan.  
It looks as though He bit me with His drunkenness.

Today, this house is filled  
By the smell of my Beautiful.  
A new beauty appears from every corner  
Because of that smell.  
With that smell, my blood turns to wine.  
Every breath that comes out of my mouth at night  
Becomes a drunk Indian.

Give me your ear  
And hear all this drunkenness;  
It yells from my body,  
Which is bound like a harp.

The fire is in front of us.  
The wine is ready.  
The tent is put up.  
I hope the founders  
Of the Order of Dervishes  
Will be tolerant to youth.

Tebriz becomes a whole town of forms  
Before the mirror of God,  
And the mirror of God's Sems  
At the same time  
Is a sea of meaning.



# 83.

## *Verse 911*

Today there is a tumult,  
A yell in the city,  
All from the eyes of a deceitful beauty.

All over the city  
There are slaves and servants  
Who have had their ears pierced  
And now wear earrings  
Because of that sweet-talking beauty.

You cannot find any Heart  
That has not been wounded  
From the arrow of this tight bow.

O city, what kind of city are you  
That every one of your days is a holiday?  
O city, with your grace and charm,  
Place has been transformed into Time.

But this is not the time to deal with  
The space and time problem.  
With Your breath,  
The relativity of place  
Becomes so different.

This is the town of God's throne.  
The Heart looks like it came from Hemedan<sup>54</sup>  
And knows everything.

Because of this Joseph of Beauty,  
Every uncontrolled, unreprimanded wolf  
Has becomes a shepherd in today's Egypt.

Hundreds of two-hundred-year-old elders  
Have fallen in love because of Joseph  
And become young like Solome.

He is the one  
Who rules the Heart and Soul in this town.  
He is the one  
Who rules like the fate of God.  
Hundreds from the glory of faith  
Have fallen and worshiped in front of His face.

Where is the cloud of doubt  
That will find the way to His moon?  
Like the darkness disappears under the moonlight,  
Hundreds of *me's* and *you's* will be annihilated  
By the light of that Beauty  
Who has been freed Himself from the self.

There is no temple of peace for the destitute  
But His temple.  
There is no wish or desire  
But the shade of His face  
Which resembles the sun.

Listen to a few words that attempt to describe him:  
“I don’t have enough power  
To say he is such and such.”

Yet if I don’t tell His name,  
If I don’t describe him,  
The bottle of Soul will be broken by this wine.  
Go ahead.  
Your hand shouldn’t tremble.  
Do take this glass of Love.

Drink.  
Since you have the antidote,  
Poison won’t hurt you.

No other store but this store  
Covers and contains everything.  
Whatever you want, you can find it  
In this drug store.

To give new revolutions and projections  
To the sun of the sky,  
God’s sun, Sems of Tebriz,  
Has risen from the east.<sup>55</sup>



## 84.

*Verse 928*

**M**aster, come here.

Why do you stay there?

Your home is here.

Where are you? Where are you?

Why are you depriving yourself

Of this beautiful valley?

The place where you've spread out

Is no good.

Be the doorkeeper,

A soldier to the Sultan of Absence

So that you will be saved from the breath of Soul,

Which is nothing but a breeze.

Don't keep your head in one time

And your feet in another.

Escape from that side.

Watch the drunks. See the ruins.

You are headless. You are feetless.

O guide, if you become drunk with wine or wealth,

You guide neither yourself nor others.

The one who has been drunk

Before the beginning of the beginning

Has already been annihilated.

In order to be, one has to be not-be first.

Souls, like in the Hutun<sup>56</sup> of Absence  
Where Hitan Turks lives,  
All mix with each other,  
With the drunkenness of this land of Soul.

This one yells, "Hey, hey, how beautiful this is!"  
The other one, prostrates himself by praying,  
"He adds Soul to the Soul."

O, Master of the Masters,  
Sems of Tebriz,  
You are the light of the earth  
And sun of the sky.



# 85.

*Verse 937*

① Sultan, you are a Turk.  
Why are you acting like a stranger?  
You are the Soul of the earth.  
Why are you sick?

The rose garden gets its color from your alms.  
Give us the rose garden.  
Why are you full of thorns?

You haven't said, "Enelhak"<sup>57</sup>  
Like the breeze of His wine said.  
Even then, O Master Mansur,  
Why are you on the gallows?<sup>58</sup>

When the Heart and Beloved are together,  
You can stay in the cave.  
But once the Beloved has left,  
Why do you stay there, O Heart?

That Sultan hasn't gone,  
But for the sake of evil eyes,  
You say so.  
If the Sultan leaves,  
How can you be a treasure of secrets?

If the roots of your Heart  
Are not in the water of life,  
Why are you full of fresh fruits?



If your Heart hasn't been in the rose garden,  
Why do you smell so good, smile so sweetly  
And attract so many Hearts?

The Giant gives reproaches  
Because there is no Solomon.  
But if Solomon is not around,  
Why are you are so busy, O Giant?

If the house of the Beauty's fairy  
Is not in the Heart  
Why have you become possessed, O Soul?

O, Mary of the Soul,  
If you are not pregnant with Jesus,  
Why are you following these hairs for a shingle?

If you are not drunk with the wine  
Of God's Sems of Tebriz,  
Why have you gone into seclusion  
In the house of the Tavern Keeper?



## 86.

*Verse 948*

There is a sema today. There is wine.  
Glasses are offered to the gathering.

Drink, because the promise,  
“God will give water”  
Has been given.  
O body, become entirely Soul.  
Aren’t you the brother of Ahvani-Sefa,<sup>59</sup>  
The brother of loyalty and cleanness?

What a time, what a day this is.  
O royal garden, how green you are.  
What kind of fruits do you have?

All this greatness is growing from the ground.  
Is this the time for resurrection?  
Is this the trumpet of the Day of Judgment?

It is time to tie up the camels.  
Open your eyes and look around.  
You are at the desert of contentions.

O death, come back to life.  
O that which is old, rejuvenate.  
O, the one who denies the last judgment,  
How long will you continue this foolish talk?

Don't close my mouth.  
I will tell you something.  
Today it is permissible to reveal the secret about  
Him.

If your jealousy won't allow me to talk,  
I will tell it through mind and imagination.

We were also once nothing but images.  
We accepted existence with this breath,  
And then were created by the breath of God.

Have you forgotten where you were?  
O Master, you'll have yet another hundred more  
existences.



# 87.

*Verse 959*

○ my beautiful Sultan,  
Every day you come at the right time.  
You open and add Soul to the Soul and to the world.

You rise like a moon  
And sit at the head of the table.  
What a happiness and joy, O my God,  
To see Your face there.

Whenever two Lovers meets each other,  
It is because of You.  
You are the One  
Who gives pleasure and taste to togetherness.

If you don't give meaning to the words,  
And pleasure to the meeting,  
There is no pleasure in meeting  
As described by those alphabets.

You give teeth to eat sugar.  
In order to understand meaning,  
To utilize and to digest it,  
You give another kind of teeth.

I'm tired of the ear  
That listens to the reed flute,  
But doesn't understand and appreciate it.

If the water carrier doesn't work,  
How can the water  
Fill the waterskin from the well?

The sky is also turning,  
But not without water.  
How could feet know themselves  
If there were no head?

O the Heart that keeps asking,  
"Where is the Beloved? Where?"  
Come to your self,  
O Heart who is searching, who is asking,  
"Where are you? Where?"

How could the desert  
Find the rose garden or peonies?  
How could a drop of oil  
Have light and sight?

The senses are separated from pearls at night.  
But they know there are pearls  
In the sea of allowances.

There are such pearls in that sea  
That they cannot be contained by shells.  
O shell, why do you stay here?  
Go to the other side.

You are not at that level, O, Hodja.<sup>160</sup>  
Kaaba<sup>61</sup> won't come to you.  
Kaaba says, "If you are our pilgrim,  
Come to us."

In fact, there is no place for this kaaba.  
In fact, there is no place in which it would fit.  
He says, "You are the one  
Who deserves beauty and exaltations."

Don't wait. Plunge into the sea of exaltation.  
In order to do that,  
You must pass out of your self.  
Plunge into that sea.  
It will give you life  
Once you are annihilated.

Be silent. Walk to Absence on the silent road.  
When you are annihilated, you become all praise.



## 88.

*Tercî-Bend*

*Verse 975*

You are our Sultan of Sultans,  
Master of the Masters.  
Wherever You run,  
You still come back to us.

Make Your home wherever Your tree grows.  
It is Your custom to add Soul to the Soul.

Your body is here,  
But where are You, O graceful beauty?  
I know Your place through the Heart.

O poor, you prostrate on the step of the throne  
Of the Sultan of Sultans  
That he would save you from the shame of poverty.  
All those things are in the past.  
Smile, O Sultan of beauty.  
You are the tent pole of the living  
And the candle of the palace.

The table has been set; the door has been opened.  
Quick. Get in the house as a drunk.  
Why are you waiting for an invitation?  
Even if there is wine, a candle and merriment  
All over the world  
There is a different touch of Love  
In God's drunkenness.

Even if there is plentiful food and drink  
Inside of this cage,  
Where is the joy and pleasure of the birds  
That fly in the sky so freely?

That's also gone.  
O the one who will never pass, never go,  
Pick up the jar of faithfulness.  
You are the Sultan of faithfulness.

Turn the glass of bravery, worthy of the Sultan  
So the Soul becomes beautiful,  
So Soul plays with Soul and reaches immortality.

This is not wine made by grapes  
That makes the stomach upset.  
It comes from God's hand.  
It's a gift from His jar.

O my eye, both worlds' eyes are bright  
Because of you.  
Give me a big cup. Save me from death.

O the one who becomes drunk,  
O the one who says,  
"I am the devout of the time,"  
No doubt the color of Your face  
And Your beautiful eyes  
Are witnessing you.

Soul has put on his turban because of this Love,  
And still says, "Rejoice. I am the only one."

\*\*\*\*\*



The world smiled  
Because of His looks and His grace.  
It is enough that I should go to tercî  
And tell the rest.

\*\*\*\*\*

O, the One  
Who makes the name of the person drunk  
With his eyes!  
O the One whose lips give sugar  
To the parrots of the Soul!  
The ox has come; the donkey is gone.  
Who cares about these fables?  
Come back. Leave this fight.  
Come here. It's a good time.

O the One who is the Soul and benefactor  
Of Vamik and Azra,<sup>62</sup>  
O, my Sultan, rule Your way.  
Adorn the assembly.

You are the nanny of Souls.  
You are wine and, at the same time,  
The river of milk and guardian of Heaven,  
A green cyprus tree.

I should say no more, because if I do,  
Despicable people will say,  
"That's impossible. That's mere clamor."  
But if You want me to say more,  
Offer me morning wine.  
Then the sky will dance  
With hundreds of bright venuses.

Every place in this planet is sore  
Because of the grief of this world.  
No wonder our Heart froths, overflows,  
And wants to fly from this place.

Get up. Be stingy.  
Close the door.  
Wherever I am with You  
Becomes a rose garden and valley anyway.

Where did this moon come from?  
What a face is this face!  
This is the glory of God,  
Who has become the greatest and happiest.  
He has all the power He needs,  
And still boasts He is the beginning and end.  
The beginning is suffering and Love.  
The end is Yed-i Beyza<sup>163</sup>

O my God, give us the sign  
Until the spectacle to the Heart  
No longer moves You.  
Give that and he will become crazy, insane.  
He will climb to the top of the mountain, yelling,  
"I want You. I want You."

That Love doesn't give a person time  
To scratch his head.  
What a beautiful, powerful chain it is  
That ties and pulls.

Love hasn't seen anyone  
Who is as silly a fool  
As I am in this town.  
He grabbed me from the top  
And pulled me up.  
Any choke, any grab, any pull  
That comes from the top  
Is good.

\*\*\*\*\*

Any repel from the door keeper  
Is just protection.  
He says, "Go away,"  
But that means the Sultan is at home.  
Don't ever go away.

\*\*\*\*\*

Don't put anybody before our Beloved.  
There is nobody like Him.  
Don't talk so foolishly.  
He's a clean, pure mirror.  
If you see badness and faults,  
You are the bad one, you have the faults.

Is the window of this earth, this house closed?  
The sun has risen. Climb up to roof and see.  
If the windows are closed,  
The house just looks empty.  
Why are you mad if you don't open the windows?

If you don't get information from the front or back,  
Keep rolling like a ball.  
Aren't you beautiful without head and feet?  
Either in joy or in trouble,  
You are at the command of this Divine club.

You are contained by the earthenware jar.  
The more you ferment and froth,  
The more you go to the top.

You have so many wishes  
And keep looking for gifts.  
Put yourself together.  
You are the real gift.

Day and night you keep having the desire of union,  
But you are the light of union.  
You don't know that.  
You don't understand that.

You are looking for a wonderful thing,  
But you are the One  
Who is to be wondered.  
You are the King and poor at the same time.



This is the end of

**Bahr Hezec-i Mukfûl**

## NOTES

1. ...hands: According to the history of Moses in both Biblical and Judaic terms, Yed-i Beyza means white hand. It is mentioned in the Koran as well.
2. Canopus: A star of the first magnitude in the constellation Argo not visible north of 37B latitude.
3. Hizir: A legendary person, a Master, who is helper of the Helper.
4. Edhemo-lu is a famous sufi who died in 777 A.D. Once when he was king, he was hunting for gazelle. The voice of God said to him, "We didn't create you for hunting." This incident caused him to leave his throne and begin his life as a sufi.
5. Belkis: The Queen of Sheiba.
6. Elif: The perpendicular line "a" of the arabic alphabet.
7. Ha: A "c" with horizontal line at the top.
8. Jim: Like a backward "jay" or upside down "2".
9. ...Bindings: A dot is added in the round of the upside down "2", like a pregnant woman.
10. ...Water: This verse refers to the history of Solomon and Balkis (Queen of Shieba).
11. ...Breath: From the Koran.
12. ...Azra: All legendary names of couples like Romeo and Juliet.
13. Kaiser: The Kaiser referred to here was, for the people of Asia Minor, like the Kaiser of Germany later in history.
14. Hutain: A city in Central Asia legendary for its beauties.
15. Hizir: A Master, a helper of the Helper, who was reputed to arrive and help at the critical moment.
16. ...Robe: Written in honor of Sems' return to Konya.
17. Dewlap: A hanging fold of skin under the neck especially of a bovine animal.
18. ...Robe: Written in celebration of Sems return to Konya.
19. Kadir: Holy night in Koran.
20. Nevruz: New year in Persian.
21. Damascus: Mevlana went to Damascus twice looking for Sems. This poem describes his intention to go a third time. He never did make this third journey.
22. Bab: One of the gates of Damascus.
23. Osman: The successor of Muhammad.
24. Ferec, Feradis: The doors of the mosque of Damascus.
25. Rebva: A hill in Damascus.
26. Neyreb: hill where Jesus stayed and where Abraham had chapel.

27. Jabeli Ssali: Saliya, a quarter in Damascus. There was a famous inn located there where Sultan Veled, Mevlana's son, found Sems after Sems left Konya the first time.
28. Kursi: A verse in the Koran.
29. Kayseri: A city in Anatolia.
30. Rum: Rum is in Anatolia.
31. Houris: Beautiful girls in heaven.
32. Hizir: Legengary Godsend.
33. Hakhan's hat: Hat of the Mongul king.
34. ...Spider: The spider which made a web in the cave where Muhammed hid on his way to Medina.
35. Abu-Lehet: Muhammed's uncle, but disbelievers of Muhammed and the Koran, Suret 111, talk about him in numerous verses.
36. Key: Turkish sword meaning, "Are you alright?"
37. Bey: Turkish word meaning, "mister."
38. Mutzili: The name of an old Muslim sect.
39. Rebâbî Abu-Bekir: A contemporary of Mevlana. He played a string instrument called the rebab. Mevlana mentions him in other parts of the *Divan*.
40. Uhud: Mountains around Mecca.
41. Rebab: A string instrument commonly played in Mevlana's time.
42. Semurg: King of the birds.
43. Rebah: An Indian king. During his time, at the serendip, resin was found from the tree, which was quite white.
44. Hodja: Muslim priest.
45. ...Kasas: The 28th chapter of the Koran, wherein the story of Moses is mentioned.
46. This poem is in Arabic.
47. Huseyin: Successor of Mohammed.
48. Yezid: Impious or cruel.
49. The first verse of this gazel is the last verse of Gazel 72 or 73 in the Konya and Istanbul version of Golpinarli's *Divan*.
50. Makamat-i Hariri: Arabic poet who died in 1128 B.C.
51. ...Metal bow: Custom of Mevlana's time during a lunar eclipse.
52. Elest: The mature.
53. ...Cup: Refers to ancient saying. The bath cup is used for washing in the public baths.
54. Hamedan: Persian city.
55. ...East: This verse is in the Istanbul version, but not in the Konya version.
56. Hutten: A city in Central Asia which is famous for its beautiful women.
57. Enelhak: Farsi meaning, "I am God," or "I am the Truth."

58. ...Gallows: Hllaj Al-husain ibn Mansur is a famous sufi who was murdered in 922 A.D. because of the religious persecutions of his time.
59. Ahvani-Sefa: According to Golpinarli, this was a secret society of 8th century mixing Greek culture with Islam.
60. Hodja: Muslim priest.
61. Kaaba: A cubicle temple at Mecca.
62. Vamik, Azra: Legendary lovers like Romeo and Juliet.
63. Yed-i Beyza: This refers to the white hands in the Biblical history of Moses.

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